

# THE GREAT EASTERN FARMER

## OF AGRICULTURE

JOHNSTONE & GIBBONS, Publishers. DETROIT, TUESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1881. PRICE, \$1.65 PER YEAR. NUMBER 1.

CONTENTS.	
Agriculture—The Live Stock Trade—Wool Interests—A Model Horse Barn—	1
Domestic—More About Permanent Pasture—The Tool and Repair Shop—About Potato Blossoms—Profitable Sheep Raising—Butter Making in Winter—Advances and Necessary Conditions—Value of Roots for Milk Cows—Shipping Poultry by Express—How to Utilize Bones—Agricultural Items—	2
Horticulture—New Insect Enemies and New Methods of Fighting Certain Noxious Insects—Good and Pure Seeds—Horticultural Hints—	3
Editorial—Wheat—Corn, Oats, and Beans—Hops and Barley—Dairy Products—The Pork Trade—American Breeders and Provisions in Great Britain—Barb Wire Fences—State Agricultural Society—Washing Sheep—The McCormick Reel—Sheep Breeders and Wool Growers of Oakland County—Michigan—General—Foreign—	4
Farm Law—Power of Overseer of Highways—Shade Trees in Highways—Rights of Telegraph Companies—	5
Poultry—	6
Miscellaneous—Margaret Thom—Pigs and Cattle—Yankees in Russia—Chinese Beds—	7
A Joy Forever—Vanderbilt and Uncle Remus—Hatch—Stark Mad on a Plaque—Rely on Yourself—American Public Men—Varieties—Chaff—	8
The Household—Chats With My Neighbor—A Typical Farmer's Wife—The Success of Dithers—Preserving Farmer's Wives—Useful Receipts—	9
Rugby—Equine Pity—Indigestion—	10
A New Cotton Region—	11
City Items—	12
Commercial—	13

### WOOL INTERESTS.

[The following paper was read by Mr. H. R. Dewey, of Grand Blanc, at the annual meeting of the Sheep-Breeders and Wool-Growers' Association, held at Lansing, Michigan, 14th, 1880.]

The wool interest, in some of its many forms, reaches every home in our broad land, and is intimately connected with every branch of the inter-State trade and commerce of the republic, and if the production and manufacture be encouraged and developed to the extent of supplying our home market, large sums of gold will be retained here, widening the wealth and bringing joy and contentment to our own hearth-stones, instead of swelling the coffers of our European neighbors.

Since the tariff of 1861 the wool interest in the States has steadily increased until it has grown to the magnitude of \$200,000,000 lbs. while the production in the United States has increased, the importations of woolen goods have decreased. In 1836 the production of wool in the United States was 42,000,000 lbs. The increase in production for the last 25 years has been about 248 per cent, while for the 25 years next preceding that it was only 40 per cent.

Mr. Lorin Blodgett, in his estimate of the value of wool manufactured within the U. S., states the six New England States show \$127,500,000; New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware, \$98,000,000; twelve Western States and Utah, \$41,500,000; twelve Southern States, \$8,500,000; California, Oregon and Washington Territory, \$7,250,000.

The improvement in American machinery for manufacturing wool into domestic fabrics has far exceeded the imagination of the most sanguine and hopeful. The U. S. stands second to no nation in the world in the manufacture of wearing apparel—James and John Dobson, alone, of Philadelphia, manufacture 31,000 pounds of wool every working day, and Philadelphia has become the largest wool manufacturing city in the world. These are facts we may feel a just pride in, for as we look back—and it is within the memory of all but only a few years ago—that our neighbors across the water made their boast that we were indebted to them for the clothes we wore on our backs. To-day how is it, may we ask?

In 1880 we imported about \$38,000,000 worth of manufactured goods; in 1875 only about \$25,000,000. The increase in population of over 12,000,000 souls. In 1880 we imported \$4,842,000 worth of wool, in 1878 over \$900,000. The wool interest in 1880 was \$1,200,000,000. Thus, while the demand for manufactured goods from abroad is receding at a rapid pace, the demand of the U. S. for the raw material is increasing. The wool interest is a matter of population and the wonderful capacity of our improved machinery.

The fine wool producing countries, England, Portugal and Italy, have reached their highest point, while France, Spain, Germany and Prussia have fallen off in this product. Australia, which has made large gains yet, but to compare with South America or the U. S. South America is but in its infancy in the fine wool interest, it being destined to lead the world. Yet the U. S. has nothing to fear from that source, for she is far behind in point of breeding, and will be for years to come, but on the other hand the time is fast approaching when she will furnish us the best market for our American Merino Sheep, and especially our fine heavy shearing rams to improve their flocks. After looking over the ground carefully we may say the prospects for the breeder of fine sheep and the raising or growing of fine wools, together with their manufacture in the U. S. was never so flattering as now. The production of fine wool sheep or the breeding and trade of the same for the improvement of home flocks as well as foreign, is in a most healthy condition, growing in magnitude, the demand increasing year by year, and the great enterprises springing up in the west, embracing new fields for operation, extending its trade into the far off countries of the earth. It is truly said that the man who produces a superior animal is a public benefactor; and what is the agent that has secured to us this great prosperity? Of course there are more than one, but the chief one is the sheep, and that is the greatest of all, our protective tariff. Then let us husband and guard it with a jealous eye, for it is the great bulwark of this industry. Let us all join in the belief that the time may come when if our brothers across the sea shall open upon us with renewed vigor their batteries, and send the electric, scorching free trade shells into our ranks, we can reply to them with our American industry and hurl back into the grinding mill of the world the millions and millions of manufacturers of a hundred bales of wool, securing to them that great blessing for their age, their second sight.

The question has been asked, what kind of wool shall we produce? At the International Sheep Show recently held at Philadelphia, Mr. Hays, Secretary of the Manufacturers' Association, said manufacturers desire the production of precisely the kinds the farmers find most profitable to grow, and instance the heavy, long fibered Merino wools of Ohio and Michigan.

It is hardly necessary here to ask how shall we secure or produce this desirable wool? Every breeder of sheep should be able to answer the question for themselves many times over. Yet I will presume on your good graces and call the attention afresh to the important point of having a fixed type. We must select our rams with caution and good judgment, never leaving a good animal to the price it will bring, but only by a few dollars. No sire animal is worth more than his weakest point. There is great necessity that we should all be well educated in the quality of wool, and the quality of the sheep, and the quality of the wool-growers as well as wool-buyers know no more about the quality of wool than they do about the characters on a Chinese tea-set. The point of quality of wool should be well developed, for according to the laws of breeding here and abroad, ancient or modern, the inferior sire will work a deep mischief, not alone on its immediate offspring, but to the next, no matter how high in quality that sire may be that follows. The laws of absorption are so strong in the female organization during the growth and development of the fetus that the whole system has partaken in a measure of the quality of the first sire, and may and will be transmitted to the next offspring in a greater or less degree. This is true and beyond a dispute in the human family, and is acknowledged and supported by the best physicians. Let us instance horse-breeding, for there this theory is more carefully observed than among sheep-breeds. I get it from good authority that should a not blooded animal by accident be coupled with a grade sire, the second foal, although by a pure bred sire, would be of fine skin to fine condition of the flesh is a sure index to the quality (of the kind) and condition of the hair or wool. It is impossible to obtain a fine, even, nice quality of wool on a poorly kept animal. Keeping is fully one-half of the success in the breeding of any and all animals. Years ago, when people talked of a fine fleece and high quality, they invariably connected it with a delicate constitution. That does not necessarily follow; we admit that there cannot be a fine fleece without a fine skin to hold and feed it, for in point of nature they are one, the fine and velvety skin must with good care produce the fine quality of wool, but both can and do grow equally as well on

the strong hardy sheep if cared for, and is but little more trouble to produce than the harsher, poorer grades.

Our grade flocks may and should produce a finer and better quality of wool with double the profit and no more cost to the farmer, if he would secure a good ram, couple him with the best grade he can obtain and feed and care for the lambs properly. It is no longer a question that wool may be grown at a great profit on the vast prairies of the west, and this is my memory a little of a period in the history of Iowa's sheep-feeding. Some 18 years ago there was a great desire with those that had the "fever" to become large flock-owners and wool-growers. Thousands and thousands of sheep were shipped into the present high excellence. They are most noble animals, rich in the qualities that man in his life long study have brought them—and yet he is seemingly willing to sacrifice them by high fitting and unprofitable show rings. In each end no fault with the sheep shows, they are doing a good work in many ways, yet indirectly in my opinion, the sheep are being ruined by the present practice of our breeders. The societies of our annual fairs have done much to educate the many to appreciate and imitate the good things of nature. Yet go where you will, you will see the finest animals fed and fitted far above a breeding condition, to be thrown into the show-ring. The owners and wool-growers. Thousands and thousands of sheep were shipped into the

elevation. The outside is girted with 6x8 and four feet apart, and boarded with matched and dressed lumber. The positions of windows can be seen in elevation. In second story there are four doors on the north side, with transoms, and on south side, eight of same kind. In each end, as high as can be made in the gable, is a door 12 feet high and 10 feet wide, through which the building is filled with hay.

From each door to the centre is erected a hay carrier, as near the ridge as possible. The building is supported by the usual cross-beams and braces. The roof is covered with the very best dry pine shingles, boiled in West Virginia oil. (A vat of sheet iron, 20 inches deep, 24 feet wide, and from 2 to 4 feet long, according to extent of the job. Set the bunches in, and have oil enough to come up to the band; let boil five minutes, take out, place on an incline, with tight bottom, and drip back to the vat, in half an hour the other end of the bunch can be dipped and returned on incline. In one hour they will be dry.) The cost is less than one dollar per M., and when prepared in this way they will, with an occasional coating of oil, last indefinitely, as the water will not penetrate them in the least.

The squares indicated in plans are box stalls, 16x16 feet square, with one door, double thick, 4 feet 6 inches wide, and 8

### Veterinary Department

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, late of Philadelphia, Pa., author of "The Horse and its Diseases," "Cattle and their Diseases," "Sheep, Swine and Poultry," "Horse Training Made Easy," etc. Professional advice through the columns of this journal to regular subscribers free. Parties desiring information will be required to send their full name and address to the office of the PAMPHLET. No questions will be answered by mail unless accompanied by a fee of one dollar. In order that correct information may be given the symptoms should be accurately described, how long standing, together with color and age of animal, and what treatment, if any, has been resorted to. Private address, 301 First Street, Detroit.

### SPAYING OF COWS.

(Continued from our last number.)

On the other hand, although the defense may be firmly held by an assistant, yet it may happen that in spite of his exertions he sometimes may be thrown against the operator by the movements she may attempt, and there may be an uncontrollable displacement of the plank or bar, and then it may happen that she becomes wounded, and at the same time prevent the operation, while by the mode we pointed out, there is no fear of accident either to the operator or the beast. In case of the want of a wall provided with rings, we may use a strong palisade, a solid fence, or two trees a suitable distance apart, across which we fix two strong bars of wood, separated from each other according to the size of the cow.

There is another means of confining them that we have employed for some time past, where the cows were very strong and irritable, which is more simple than the preceding, less fatiguing for the animal, less troublesome to the operator, and which answers perfectly. It consists: First, in leaving the cow almost free, covering her eyes, holding her head by two strong assistants, one of whom seizes the nose with his hand, and strongly pinches the nostrils whenever the animal makes any violent movements during the operation.

Second, To cause another assistant to hold the two hind legs, kept together by means of a cord passed above and beneath the hocks; this assistant also holds the tail and pulls it whenever the animal seeks to change its place. The cow being conveniently disposed, and the instruments and appliances, such as curved scissors upon the table, a convex edged bistoury, a straight one, and one buttoned at the point, suture needles filled with double thread of desired length, pledget of lint of appropriate size and length, a mass of tow in pledgets being collected in a shallow basket held by an intelligent assistant, we place ourselves opposite to the left flank, our back turned a little towards the head of the animal; we cut off the hair which covers the hide in the middle of the flank at an equal distance between the back and the hip, for the space of thirteen or fourteen centimetres in circumference; this done, we take the convex bistoury, and place it opened between our teeth, the edge out, the joint to the left; then, with both hands we seize the hide in the middle of the flank and form of it a wrinkle of the requisite elevation and running lengthwise on the body. We then direct our assistant to seize with his right hand the right side of the wrinkle; we then take the bistoury that we held in our mouth, and we cut the wrinkle at one stroke through the middle; the wrinkle having been sufficed to go down, a separation of the hide is presented of sufficient length to enable us to introduce the hand, thereupon we separate the edges of the hide with the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, and in like manner we cut through the abdominal muscles, the *lino* (slightly obliquely) and the *lumbo*, for the distance of a centimetre from the lower extremity of the incision made in the hide; this done, armed with the straight bistoury we make a puncture of the peritoneum at the upper extremity of the wound, we then introduce the buttoned bistoury and move it obliquely from above to the lower part up to the termination of the incision made in the abdominal muscles. The flank being opened we introduce the right hand into the abdomen, and direct it along the right side of the cavity of the pelvis, behind the panache and underneath the rectum, where we find the *comes de l'uterus* (matrix); after we have ascertained the position of the viscera, we search for the *ovaries* (organs of reproduction), which are at the extremity of the *comes*, and when we have found them we seize them between the thumb and fore finger, detach them completely from the ligaments that keep them in their place, pull lightly, separating the cord and the vessels (uterine or fallopian tube) at their place of union with the ovary, by means of the thumb nail and forefinger, which presents itself at the point of touch; in fact we break the cord and bring away the ovary. We then introduce again the hand in the abdominal cavity and we proceed in the same manner to extract the other ovary. It happens sometimes that in cutting the muscles of which we have before spoken, we cut one or two of the arteries, which bleed so much that there is necessity for a ligature before opening the peritoneal sac; because, if this precaution be omitted, blood will escape in the abdomen, and may occasion the most serious consequences. This operation terminated, we, by the assistance of a needle,

(Continued on eighth page.)



FIG. 1.—PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEW FROM THE FRONT, LOOKING TOWARD THE SOUTHWEST, OF THE BARNS OF THE NOTED PERCHERON HORSE IMPORTER AND BREEDER, M. W. DUNHAM, WAYNE, DU PAGE COUNTY, ILLINOIS.

the beautiful finish of surface, smooth, even, glossy, and perfect general appearance, and at once concludes to purchase, not thinking but that he can keep them in the same fine condition, with lambs to match, but dearly bought experience is too much for him and he thinks that sheep-breeders, patent right and lightning-rod men were all born of one mother. Could we see him when he was conceivable, we would tell him that such was not the case, and try and explain the difference. Why will breeders consent to such a sacrifice? There is no call for it; you have it within your own power; you can discontinue it if you will, and you are free to acknowledge its damaging effects, but it is a kind of popular "mania." There are a few exceptions, probably, because of their limited means, not caring to sacrifice their best animals, but they are debarrd from showing, knowing that they could not compete with the highly fitted animals. If I were exclusive

State and were quickly secured by those who were desirous of going "into sheep." I was there during this period of sheep fever and saw its birth and death, i. e., saw whole flocks mangled in such a horrid form that its death was a relief. The manner in which the flocks were kept would compare well with the way our boys were kept at Andersonville prison camp. The flock-owners generally hired a "lout" to tend them—not a man—for he was too lazy and devoid of mercy, and then built a corral near town, and returned to their old feeding grounds again about 9 or 10 the next morning; corrals in the same pen week after week and month after month, seldom, if ever, changing their quarters, with scarcely room enough to stand, with no litter, in that perfect mire of filth, in the

ed with the very best dry pine shingles, boiled in West Virginia oil. (A vat of sheet iron, 20 inches deep, 24 feet wide, and from 2 to 4 feet long, according to extent of the job. Set the bunches in, and have oil enough to come up to the band; let boil five minutes, take out, place on an incline, with tight bottom, and drip back to the vat, in half an hour the other end of the bunch can be dipped and returned on incline. In one hour they will be dry.) The cost is less than one dollar per M., and when prepared in this way they will, with an occasional coating of oil, last indefinitely, as the water will not penetrate them in the least.

The squares indicated in plans are box stalls, 16x16 feet square, with one door, double thick, 4 feet 6 inches wide, and 8

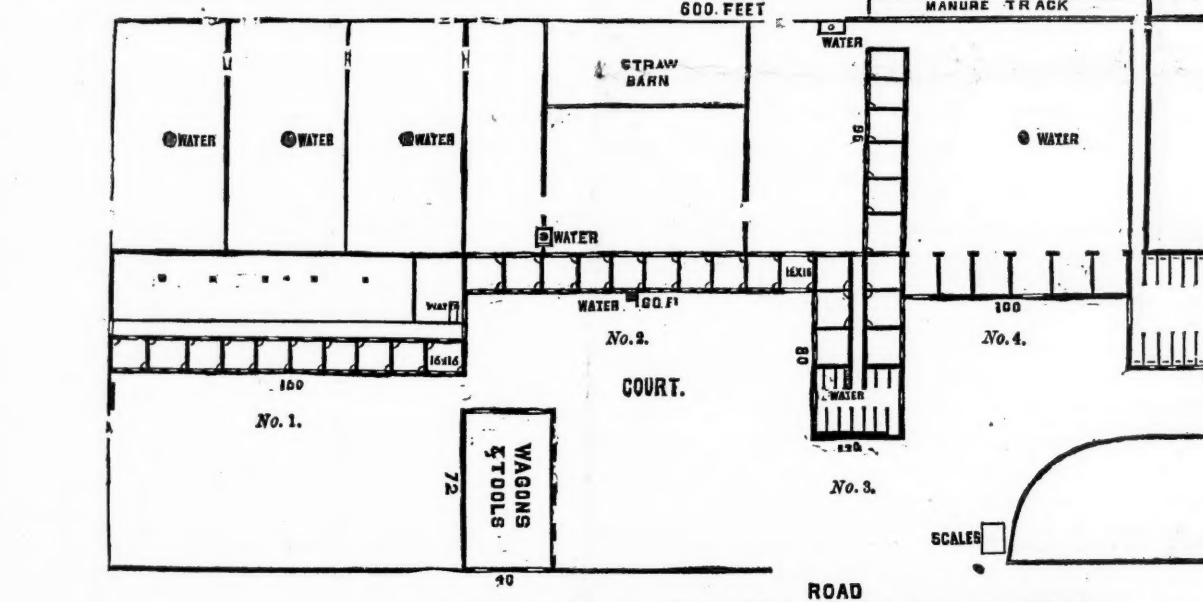


FIG. 2.—M. W. DUNHAM'S BARN.—Ground Plan.

burning sun or pelting rain, each day a few giving way to make more room for the remainder, until their numbers were reduced to be in better keeping with the shire and walking pelt, for they were but little else. Their winter quarters were a yard fenced off by rails enclosing a post and rail shed half covered with straw. The straw was laid down once or twice per day, according to circumstances, and sometimes corn in the ear was strewn upon the ground, as was their hay, with no other bedding than the straw, and yet it was generally believed and conceded that somehow the pelt seemed to be "planned" to them. Three years from that time one could scarcely find a fine-wool flock of any considerable size within the State. Should you ask one of those ancient flock-masters in regard to the wool interest he would flee from you as though you were labeled "small pox."—But those times have passed away, and we see the dawn of another day. The United States are now fifth as woolly sheep as all Europe combined and grow more than one-fourth as much wool.

We are fast gaining ground in regard to producing wool for the manufacture of fine fabrics and fine combing. Michigan fine wool stands about third or fourth in quality, when in fact she should stand second to no State.

I hold in my hand a sample of cleaned wool, or said to be cleaned, by Wm. Hayden, of Auburn, N. Y., through the Ontario Wool-Growers' Association, headed by Wm. D. Short. One would scarcely think it had been near water of any degree of temperature. After viewing it with a small glass I should conclude that there must be some mistake. I secured this sample because the fleece, after being secured, was published as one of the heaviest secured fleeces on record. You shall see for yourself. I believe we should have a better knowledge of our unwashed wools. I believe that a good shepherd would get for our wool crop if we should get fleeces secured before selling; they would then sell on their merits. I think we do not get a proportionate price for our unwashed wools. Buyers acknowledge that they do not know the value of such wool, and that they must buy at a price, because unwashed wool is the same everywhere and should be bought from point of quality they are the best, far the best, and manufacturers know it, but of course it is not for them to complain. They are doing well enough as it is.

judge I would ask, are these animals shown as breeders for breeding purposes, or as show animals? If the answer should be that they represent breeding animals, I should rule them out for the uses they are intended to serve, and an inch hole is bored under the latch to raise with. There is a window, twelve lights 12x16, on outside, and one nine-light window, from stall to alley, for each stall, covered with No. 9 wire screening. The outside window is grated with inch refuse gas pipe, set three inches apart (cost about \$35 per ton). Windows hang on weights.

The north and south sides of the stalls are ceiled with 2-inch matched plank, 5 feet high, and from there to top with 1-inch matched stuff.

The partitions between the stalls are made by setting 2x4-inch studding flatwise, 6 inches apart on sill, and extending 5 feet high; both sides are then ceiled with common matched and dressed flooring, even with top of studding, and an oak cap 2x6 inches spiked on top. The top of this cap has 1-inch holes, 4 inches from centre to centre, and 1 inch deep, in which inch gas pipes, 3 feet long, are inserted, and capped with another oak cap firmly set at both ends. The floors are made of clay and gravel; an alley six feet wide runs the entire length of the barn, with manger on opposite side from stalls.

The hay shoot is built in the outside corner, with 3 foot run, and extends 6 feet above the upper floor, and has a slide door on long side, that can be raised, leaving an opening in shoot on a level with the floor when desired. The bottom of shoot is grated with gas pipe 3 feet long, set on incline from corner to outside of bottom of shoot, which is 6 feet from floor to stall. These pipes are set 6 inches from centres at top, and one of them moves in a slot, so as to double the distance when required.

Barn No. 2 consists entirely of box stalls, made on same plan as those described above, and open into yards to the south. It is 16 feet high at eaves, with loft for fodder above, and 20 feet from floor to top of beam.

Barn No. 3 is 40 feet by 80 feet, 26 feet posts, with 96 feet extension to the south. All boxes are same as described. The single stalls are 5 feet wide, and made on the usual plan, with plank floors, hay being fed in shoots from above. The upper part is reached by an embankment and bridge. A hay carrier is also rigged in it, door opening to the north. Large feed bins are located over north end of the alley, where water is marked in diagram, and a mixing box filled from spouts from bins, is placed below the hydrant.

No. 4 is an open shed facing south, 16 feet in front.

No. 5 is 56x100 feet, with stone basement, the walls 26 inches on bottom and 16 inches on top. The building rests entirely

feet high. Latch, a straight piece of 2x4 inch iron, 1 foot long mortised into centre of door, on 1 protruding one inch, to catch latch hook. An iron plate, with common matched and dressed flooring, edge, and an inch hole is bored under the latch to raise with. There is a window, twelve lights 12x16, on outside, and one nine-light window, from stall to alley, for each stall, covered with No. 9 wire screening. The outside window is grated with inch refuse gas pipe, set three inches apart (cost about \$35 per ton). Windows hang on weights.

The north and south sides of the stalls are ceiled with 2-inch matched plank, 5 feet high, and from there to top with 1-inch matched stuff.

The partitions between the stalls are made by setting 2x4-inch studding flatwise, 6 inches apart on sill, and extending 5 feet high; both sides are then ceiled with common matched and dressed flooring, even with top of studding, and an oak cap 2x6 inches spiked on top. The top of this cap has 1-inch holes, 4 inches from centre to centre, and 1 inch deep, in which inch gas pipes, 3 feet long, are inserted, and capped with another oak cap firmly set at both ends. The floors are made of clay and gravel; an alley six feet wide runs the entire length of the barn, with manger on opposite side from stalls.

The hay shoot is built in the outside corner, with 3 foot run, and extends 6 feet above the upper floor, and has a slide door on long side, that can be raised, leaving an opening in shoot on a level with the floor when desired. The bottom of shoot is grated with gas pipe 3 feet long, set on incline from corner to outside of bottom of shoot, which is 6 feet from floor to stall. These pipes are set 6 inches from centres at top, and one of them moves in a slot, so as to double the distance when required.

Barn No. 2 consists entirely of box stalls, made on same plan as those described above, and open into yards to the south. It is 16 feet high at eaves, with loft for fodder above, and 20 feet from floor to top of beam.

Barn No. 3 is 40 feet by 80 feet, 26 feet posts, with 96 feet extension to the south. All boxes are same as described. The single stalls are 5 feet wide, and made on the usual plan, with plank floors, hay being fed in shoots from above. The upper part is reached by an embankment and bridge. A hay carrier is also rigged in it, door opening to the north. Large feed bins are located over north end of the alley, where water is marked in diagram, and a mixing box filled from spouts from bins, is placed below the hydrant.

No. 4 is an open shed facing south, 16 feet in front.

No. 5 is 56x100 feet, with stone basement, the walls 26 inches on bottom and 16 inches on top. The building rests entirely

The arrangements of the yards can be seen from the diagram. All the manure, except from the barn No. 1 goes to the elevated track indicated, and in winter time is dumped into wagons and hauled out. The total length of front shown in the diagram is 600 feet.

Mr. O. M. Hale, of Comstock, Mich., sends the following as a remedy for lice on live stock: "To one quart of lard add one pint of petroleum oil, (after the lard is melted), two spoons of red pepper and one spoon of turpentine; keep stirring till lard is cold. Apply with hands, as a barber shampoos; use both hands. It is harmless, and the best remedy I have used."

SENATOR BOOTH says that the Pacific Coast has more interest in the Isthmian Canal than any other section. In California this year there are 90 million bushels of wheat. There are not enough vessels to carry it away, while railroad freight rates are too high to enable owners to ship it with any profit. By sea Liverpool is four months away from San Francisco; with a canal it would be only thirty days.

### Agricultural.

#### THE LIVE STOCK TRADE.

Early in the season we cautioned our readers against marketing their cattle at a time when prices were low, as we thought the indications all pointed to good prices in the future, and the course of the markets both east and west have borne out the supposition. In our own market the advance is fully 50 cents per hundred, and the prospects are that prices will still go higher. We want to impress it on the minds of our farmers that there is no need to be in a hurry marketing their cattle, and at the same time we would warn drovers against rushing stock into market in larger quantities than our dealers can handle. By doing this they may cause a reaction in the market for a short time; but from present indications cattle are going to be scarce from now until grass cattle come in, and will therefore command good prices. Our drovers have got the market here pretty well in their own hands, and know its capacity; if they flood the market and cause a break in prices they can blame no one but themselves.

The sheep trade is looking particularly favorable for feeders, and prices are not only firm but gradually advancing. The sheep trade of Michigan is one of the largest in the West, and with the improvement in quality that has been made in our sheep during the past few years, they are now found selling at the top of the market in New York. In looking over the review of the Buffalo live stock trade for 1880, published by the *Buffalo Express*, we find that the highest price paid for sheep during the year was on the 20th of May, for 300 clipped, averaging 137 lbs, fed by Mr. Wm. Conley, of Marshall. This not only speaks well for the quality of our sheep, but reflects credit on Mr. Conley as a feeder. Taking the price of sheep in our market at the present time and comparing it with the corresponding period of last year, we find there is a difference of 75 cents to \$1.00 per hundred in favor of this year. This is owing entirely to the advance in mutton, as wool is not worth as much as it was at this time last season. Taking these facts into consideration, we think that our farmers will be well paid for the feed expended on sheep between now and spring.

The hog crop of Michigan we think has been to a great extent marketed, and generally with a fair profit to our farmers. The quality on an average has not been as good as last year, but prices have averaged from 50 cent to \$1.00 per hundred higher. On Thursday last J. K. Gilbert sold to Hammond & Standish 53 hogs, which Mr. Hammond tells us were the finest lot of hogs he ever handled. They averaged 400 pounds and were raised and fed by Messrs. Billman and Stewart, of Little Prairie Road, Kalamazoo County. The price paid for them was \$4.90 off the cars, that is, without feed or water being weighed, amounting to \$1,041.74. In dressing these hogs the shrinkage was less than 15 per cent, which is exceptionally small.

TICKS ON SHEEP.—Mr. J. M. Wetherbee, of Three Rivers, this State, writes as follows: "Four years ago last fall I sold all of my sheep except the lambs. The next spring when I sheared them there were as many ticks as usual. They had no lambs that spring. The next spring when I sheared them, I found no ticks, and have never found one on them since."

One day last week the Michigan Central Railroad carried 1,200 head of sheep westward; 630 of these were shipped over the St. Louis road to Wamego, Kansas, by Cooper & Skinner, and will go to their farm for breeding purposes. They were bought in Michigan. No wonder sheep are bringing good prices in this State.

An idea of the slaughter of deer in Northern Michigan this season is afforded by the express reports of deer shipped at Roseconum station for the month ending Dec. 15, the figures being 71,963 pounds. It will not be many years before deer hunting will be a thing of the past in this State if such indiscriminate slaughter is not put an end to.



has been called to two new pests, the Parsnip Seed Moth, *Phaenocarpa raciana*, the larva of which destroys the immature seed of the parsnip and spins a web as it works. It is a pest of the parsnip in the month of



## BOOKS!!

## OFFERED.

## S ONLY.

## THEM

## choice of one to secure

## you any one of the

## you any two books you

## you any five books from

## the list contains a number

## number of our readers

## OFFERED.

## E.

## royal, 12 mo., cloth, \$2.00

## four editions, 1.75

## Ph. D., D. C. L., 1.75

## Wilds of South, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## 12 mo., cloth, 1.75

## Horticultural.

## NEW INSECT ENEMIES AND NEW METHODS OF FIGHTING CERTAIN NOXIOUS INSECTS.

[Read at the annual meeting of the State Horticultural Society at Ann Arbor Dec. 7th, 1880, by Prof. A. J. Cook.]

By new insect enemies I do not refer to species newly evolved, for though we believe that species have been and are being evolved, still the process is too slow to readily admit of direct demonstration. Neither do I refer to newly discovered insects, for all those of which I speak are long and well known to entomologists. Nor yet do I refer to insects with newly evolved habits, so that now for the first time they are known as noxious species, for all have previously won a bad record, though two of the species are not generally known, nor have their mischief-making tendencies been generally recorded. But I rather aim to call to your attention and to place on record the characters and habits of certain species either new to Michigan, or whose noxious habits have not as yet found space in our excellent reports.

## GRAPES VINE FLY BEETLE.

(*Halicta Chalybeata*, Illiger. Family, *Chrysomelidae*; order, *Coleoptera*.)

This little coleopterous pest is no new enemy to the grape vine. Even Harris, in his "Injurious Insects," describes this little beetle. Nor has it just commenced its depredations in our own State. Four years ago our prince in Michigan grape culture, whose knowledge, experience, and enthusiasm have been so valuable to this society—need I say Mr. E. Bradford—sent me these beetles in the larva state, with a loud cry of alarm for his favorite fruit. Since then I have seen the blighting ravages of this little pest in several vineyards about Lansing, and have heard of the same in various sections of the State. No Michigan grape grower can afford to be ignorant of this beetle, which though small in size is not small in its power for mischief.

This beetle is, like all of the leaf-eating family—Chrysomelidae—oblong oval in form. It is, as its specific name indicates, blue in color. Its length is about four millimeters, or less than three-sixteenths of an inch. Like all of its genus, its posterior legs are enlarged, fitting it for jumping. Hence the generic name *Halicta*. This jumping peculiarity is obvious if we attempt to catch the little pests, when we put our finger on them they are not there. All present are doubtless familiar with the like habits of the striped and cucumber beetles, *H. striolata* and *H. cucurbitae*, so common about radishes and our various cucurbitaceous plants in summer.

The grubs or larva of the grape vine fly beetle is brown above but lighter beneath, with a shining black head. It is six millimeters or 0.35 of an inch long. The thoracic legs are black, the anal orange. Along the back are rows of black spots, each giving rise to a hair.

The habits of these pests will be more interesting to practical pomologists, and so I will proceed to detail them. The beetles come forth from the ground in mid-summer, but do no special harm till they come forth from their hibernation the following spring, when they attack the opening buds, in the month of May, and thus at the same time break the vines and the hopes of the vinedresser. They often at this stage do irreparable damage. But not content with this, they pair and scatter their yellow egg clusters about the leaves of the vines. From these eggs come forth the brown grubs which often strip the vines of their foliage. It is at this stage that they have most alarmed Mr. Bradford. After feeding for from three to five weeks they descend to the earth and pupate. Thus like the Colorado potato beetle and most other chrysomelids, they feed on the same plant in both the larva and imago state. I presume that the larva will succumb to the pyrethrum remedy, to be described, but it is stated that simply scattering lime on the leaves will destroy them. I think that the beetles might be killed by use of London Purple or Paris Green, but an easy remedy is described by our National Entomologist, Prof. J. H. Comstock. It is similar to that used in jarring for the curculio, except that the sheet is wet with kerosene oil. As the vines are jarred the beetles spring on to the sheet and are immediately killed by the kerosene.

## THE SNOWY CRICKET.

(*Oreodonta notata*, Harr. Family, *Gryllidae*; order, *Orthoptera*.)

These beautiful white crickets are common throughout our State. I frequently capture them while collecting insects from about foliage, and often take them while "sugaring" for moths in August and September. A taste similar to that which attracts these graceful crickets to the sugar traps, also causes them to cut off immature grapes. But the worst injury wrought by these Snowy Crickets is that done to various trees and shrubs, notably the canes of blackberries and raspberries, and the twigs of peach trees, in the work of egg laying. In our own State, especially in the western part, this mischief is quite serious. Each spring I receive numerous specimens of these scarred and disfigured twigs, with inquiry as to the cause of the damage. This cricket is greenish-white in color. It is a little less than two centimeters—about 1/4 of an inch—in length. The small, yellow, elongated eggs are placed in the twig in a compact row, extending lengthwise of the cane. Each egg extends obliquely across the twig. The eggs hatch in May. The young of these crickets are insectivorous, but as they grow older they feed on the plants.

The only method to successfully fight these awkward pruners that I can suggest, is to cut and burn the affected twigs in winter and early spring.

During the past summer my attention has been called to two new pests in our State, the Parsnip Seed Moth, *Depressaria heracleana*, the larva of which attacks and destroys the immature seed of the parsnip. It spins a web as it works. It commits its depredations in the month of July. Dur-

ing the past season it has wrought ruin among the gardens of Howell. As this insect will be fully described and illustrated in the next report of the State Board of Agriculture, I will only remark here that London Purple, Paris Green or Pyrethrum will surely exterminate the pest, and at a light expense. The other enemy I will call the strawberry leaf beetle. It is *Paria atrata*, Olio. This little beetle entirely defoliates the strawberry plants in early spring and works on the again in autumn. This insect will also be fully described in our next agricultural report. The same remedies that I have recommended for the Parsnip seed larva will also avail here. If the poisons are used they should be applied early, before the vines commence fruiting. Of course the earlier the better.

In reference to new methods of fighting injurious insects, the following from a paper which I read at the last meeting of the Society, and the advancement of science will be of practical interest to horticulturists and may well find a place in our reports, especially as the first experiments detailed were made because of suggestions offered at the last February meeting. It is well known that there is no worse pest to the pomologist than the Codling Moth, (*Carpocapsa pomonella*, Linn.) The great mischief done by this pest is augmented from the fact that the best preventive measures are not as yet known. I will rather aim to call to your attention and to place on record the characters and habits of certain species either new to Michigan, or whose noxious habits have not as yet found space in our excellent reports.

## GRAPES VINE FLY BEETLE.

(*Halicta Chalybeata*, Illiger. Family, *Chrysomelidae*; order, *Coleoptera*.)

This little coleopterous pest is no new enemy to the grape vine. Even Harris, in his "Injurious Insects," describes this little beetle. Nor has it just commenced its depredations in our own State. Four years ago our prince in Michigan grape culture, whose knowledge, experience, and enthusiasm have been so valuable to this society—need I say Mr. E. Bradford—sent me these beetles in the larva state, with a loud cry of alarm for his favorite fruit. Since then I have seen the blighting ravages of this little pest in several vineyards about Lansing, and have heard of the same in various sections of the State. No Michigan grape grower can afford to be ignorant of this beetle, which though small in size is not small in its power for mischief.

This beetle is, like all of the leaf-eating family—Chrysomelidae—oblong oval in form. It is, as its specific name indicates, blue in color. Its length is about four millimeters, or less than three-sixteenths of an inch. Like all of its genus, its posterior legs are enlarged, fitting it for jumping. Hence the generic name *Halicta*. This jumping peculiarity is obvious if we attempt to catch the little pests, when we put our finger on them they are not there. All present are doubtless familiar with the like habits of the striped and cucumber beetles, *H. striolata* and *H. cucurbitae*, so common about radishes and our various cucurbitaceous plants in summer.

The grubs or larva of the grape vine fly beetle is brown above but lighter beneath, with a shining black head. It is six millimeters or 0.35 of an inch long. The thoracic legs are black, the anal orange. Along the back are rows of black spots, each giving rise to a hair.

The habits of these pests will be more interesting to practical pomologists, and so I will proceed to detail them. The beetles come forth from the ground in mid-summer, but do no special harm till they come forth from their hibernation the following spring, when they attack the opening buds, in the month of May, and thus at the same time break the vines and the hopes of the vinedresser. They often at this stage do irreparable damage. But not content with this, they pair and scatter their yellow egg clusters about the leaves of the vines. From these eggs come forth the brown grubs which often strip the vines of their foliage. It is at this stage that they have most alarmed Mr. Bradford. After feeding for from three to five weeks they descend to the earth and pupate. Thus like the Colorado potato beetle and most other chrysomelids, they feed on the same plant in both the larva and imago state. I presume that the larva will succumb to the pyrethrum remedy, to be described, but it is stated that simply scattering lime on the leaves will destroy them. I think that the beetles might be killed by use of London Purple or Paris Green, but an easy remedy is described by our National Entomologist, Prof. J. H. Comstock. It is similar to that used in jarring for the curculio, except that the sheet is wet with kerosene oil. As the vines are jarred the beetles spring on to the sheet and are immediately killed by the kerosene.

## THE SNOWY CRICKET.

(*Oreodonta notata*, Harr. Family, *Gryllidae*; order, *Orthoptera*.)

These beautiful white crickets are common throughout our State. I frequently capture them while collecting insects from about foliage, and often take them while "sugaring" for moths in August and September. A taste similar to that which attracts these graceful crickets to the sugar traps, also causes them to cut off immature grapes. But the worst injury wrought by these Snowy Crickets is that done to various trees and shrubs, notably the canes of blackberries and raspberries, and the twigs of peach trees, in the work of egg laying. In our own State, especially in the western part, this mischief is quite serious. Each spring I receive numerous specimens of these scarred and disfigured twigs, with inquiry as to the cause of the damage. This cricket is greenish-white in color. It is a little less than two centimeters—about 1/4 of an inch—in length. The small, yellow, elongated eggs are placed in the twig in a compact row, extending lengthwise of the cane. Each egg extends obliquely across the twig. The eggs hatch in May. The young of these crickets are insectivorous, but as they grow older they feed on the plants.

The only method to successfully fight these awkward pruners that I can suggest, is to cut and burn the affected twigs in winter and early spring.

During the past summer my attention has been called to two new pests in our State, the Parsnip Seed Moth, *Depressaria heracleana*, the larva of which attacks and destroys the immature seed of the parsnip. It spins a web as it works. It commits its depredations in the month of July. Dur-

ing the past season it has wrought ruin among the gardens of Howell. As this insect will be fully described and illustrated in the next report of the State Board of Agriculture, I will only remark here that London Purple, Paris Green or Pyrethrum will surely exterminate the pest, and at a light expense. The other enemy I will call the strawberry leaf beetle. It is *Paria atrata*, Olio. This little beetle entirely defoliates the strawberry plants in early spring and works on the again in autumn. This insect will also be fully described in our next agricultural report. The same remedies that I have recommended for the Parsnip seed larva will also avail here. If the poisons are used they should be applied early, before the vines commence fruiting. Of course the earlier the better.

In reference to new methods of fighting injurious insects, the following from a paper which I read at the last meeting of the Society, and the advancement of science will be of practical interest to horticulturists and may well find a place in our reports, especially as the first experiments detailed were made because of suggestions offered at the last February meeting. It is well known that there is no worse pest to the pomologist than the Codling Moth, (*Carpocapsa pomonella*, Linn.) The great mischief done by this pest is augmented from the fact that the best preventive measures are not as yet known. I will rather aim to call to your attention and to place on record the characters and habits of certain species either new to Michigan, or whose noxious habits have not as yet found space in our excellent reports.

During the past summer my attention has been called to two new pests in our State, the Parsnip Seed Moth, *Depressaria heracleana*, the larva of which attacks and destroys the immature seed of the parsnip. It spins a web as it works. It commits its depredations in the month of July. Dur-

ing the past season it has wrought ruin among the gardens of Howell. As this insect will be fully described and illustrated in the next report of the State Board of Agriculture, I will only remark here that London Purple, Paris Green or Pyrethrum will surely exterminate the pest, and at a light expense. The other enemy I will call the strawberry leaf beetle. It is *Paria atrata*, Olio. This little beetle entirely defoliates the strawberry plants in early spring and works on the again in autumn. This insect will also be fully described in our next agricultural report. The same remedies that I have recommended for the Parsnip seed larva will also avail here. If the poisons are used they should be applied early, before the vines commence fruiting. Of course the earlier the better.

death to all except the squash bugs, which even lived in the powder for three days before dying. I also found that one tablespoonful of the powder to forty of flour was effective in killing the cabbage caterpillars, and that the same amount of powder to two gallons of water was even better, owing doubtless, to its more thorough application. The result seems to depend more on actual contact than upon the amount of powder. As I have seen Prof. Riley the full details of my extensive experiments for publication, I will not repeat them here.

The significance of these facts is fairly startling. We have a cheap, non-poisonous insecticide, by use of which noxious caterpillars are brought low, beetles and their grubs exterminated, flies and their maggots put *hors du combat*, plant lice overcome, parasitic flies—of course I mean those affecting sheep, cattle, fowls, and other of our domestic animals exterminated—house flies and mosquitoes sent where mankind has long wished them, and were I in Kansas, I would add the bed bug, that cruel old *Cimex lectularius*, is no more. To apply this substance to insects which destroy vegetation, we can best mix with water and apply with a fountain pump. To kill house flies we have only to throw the dust about the room by use of a bellows. To destroy vermin on our domestic animals we can wash them with the liquid mixture, or dust it well through their hair, wool and feathers, and as in case of close rooms like poultry houses, fill the room with the dust.

## GOOD AND PURE SEEDS.

Some of the Difficulties in the Way of Maintaining Them.

[Read by Will W. Tracy, Superintendent of D. M. Ferry & Co.'s Seed Garden at Detroit, at the meeting of the Michigan Horticultural Society, held at Ann Arbor December 6th, 7th and 8th, 1880.]

It may seem an unwarranted waste of the time of an audience like this to attempt to define a seed, but I think I can better present some of the difficulties in the way of maintaining good seeds if I first say a few words concerning what I conceive a seed to be. If you had visited me in Detroit last summer, and been charmed by some variegated leafy shrub, I might have promised to send you a plant, and in fulfilling the promise this fall I had carefully packed a plant. My little boy, who sometimes asks questions, might have done so in this way: "Why papa, what made you wait so long before sending the plant to Mr. Smith, it was the leaves he liked, and now they are all gone he won't care for it, besides you have cut off most of the branches, and what makes you pack up the roots so carefully and leave the top all open?" It would take but a few words to explain to him that the leaves will active keep up an incessant demand for water and food which must mainly be collected by the roots from the ground, a work they could not do if separate from it; that the leaves, although essential to growth, were not essential to mere existence, and wrapped up in the buds were tiny new leaves ready to take the place of the old. So I waited until now and cut off most of the stem to make it easier to send the plant. Again, the roots even in a comparatively dormant condition, could not endure the changes of temperature and moisture that they would have to undergo if exposed to the open air. To keep them from doing so, I wrapped them in a moist material, and packed them in a box with a small quantity of soil to keep them from drying out.

It may seem an unwarranted waste of the time of an audience like this to attempt to define a seed, but I think I can better present some of the difficulties in the way of maintaining good seeds if I first say a few words concerning what I conceive a seed to be. If you had visited me in Detroit last summer, and been charmed by some variegated leafy shrub, I might have promised to send you a plant, and in fulfilling the promise this fall I had carefully packed a plant. My little boy, who sometimes asks questions, might have done so in this way: "Why papa, what made you wait so long before sending the plant to Mr. Smith, it was the leaves he liked, and now they are all gone he won't care for it, besides you have cut off most of the branches, and what makes you pack up the roots so carefully and leave the top all open?" It would take but a few words to explain to him that the leaves will active keep up an incessant demand for water and food which must mainly be collected by the roots from the ground, a work they could not do if separate from it; that the leaves, although essential to growth, were not essential to mere existence, and wrapped up in the buds were tiny new leaves ready to take the place of the old. So I waited until now and cut off most of the stem to make it easier to send the plant. Again, the roots even in a comparatively dormant condition, could not endure the changes of temperature and moisture that they would have to undergo if exposed to the open air. To keep them from doing so, I wrapped them in a moist material, and packed them in a box with a small quantity of soil to keep them from drying out.

It may seem an unwarranted waste of the time of an audience like this to attempt to define a seed, but I think I can better present some of the difficulties in the way of maintaining good seeds if I first say a few words concerning what I conceive a seed to be. If you had visited me in Detroit last summer, and been charmed by some variegated leafy shrub, I might have promised to send you a plant, and in fulfilling the promise this fall I had carefully packed a plant. My little boy, who sometimes asks questions, might have done so in this way: "Why papa, what made you wait so long before sending the plant to Mr. Smith, it was the leaves he liked, and now they are all gone he won't care for it, besides you have cut off most of the branches, and what makes you pack up the roots so carefully and leave the top all open?" It would take but a few words to explain to him that the leaves will active keep up an incessant demand for water and food which must mainly be collected by the roots from the ground, a work they could not do if separate from it; that the leaves, although essential to growth, were not essential to mere existence, and wrapped up in the buds were tiny new leaves ready to take the place of the old. So I waited until now and cut off most of the stem to make it easier to send the plant. Again, the roots even in a comparatively dormant condition, could not endure the changes of temperature and moisture that they would have to undergo if exposed to the open air. To keep them from doing so, I wrapped them in a moist material, and packed them in a box with a small quantity of soil to keep them from drying out.

It may seem an unwarranted waste of the time of an audience like this to attempt to define a seed, but I think I can better present some of the difficulties in the way of maintaining good seeds if I first say a few words concerning what I conceive a seed to be. If you had visited me in Detroit last summer, and been charmed by some variegated leafy shrub, I might have promised to send you a plant, and in fulfilling the promise this fall I had carefully packed a plant. My little boy, who sometimes asks questions, might have done so in this way: "Why papa, what made you wait so long before sending the plant to Mr. Smith, it was the leaves he liked, and now they are all gone he won't care for it, besides you have cut off most of the branches, and what makes you pack up the roots so carefully and leave the top all open?" It would take but a few words to explain to him that the leaves will active keep up an incessant demand for water and food which must mainly be collected by the roots from the ground, a work they could not do if separate from it; that the leaves, although essential to growth, were not essential to mere existence, and wrapped up in the buds were tiny new leaves ready to take the place of the old. So I waited until now and cut off most of the stem to make it easier to send the plant. Again, the roots even in a comparatively dormant condition, could not endure the changes of temperature and moisture that they would have to undergo if exposed to the open air. To keep them from doing so, I wrapped them in a moist material, and packed them in a box with a small quantity of soil to keep them from drying out.

It may seem an unwarranted waste of the time of an audience like this to attempt to define a seed, but I think I can better present some of the difficulties in the way of maintaining good seeds if I first say a few words concerning what I conceive a seed to be. If you had visited me in Detroit last summer, and been charmed by some variegated leafy shrub, I might have promised to send you a plant, and in fulfilling the promise this fall I had carefully packed a plant. My little boy, who sometimes asks questions, might have done so in this way: "Why papa, what made you wait so long before sending the plant to Mr. Smith, it was the leaves he liked, and now they are all gone he won't care for it, besides you have cut off most of the branches, and what makes you pack up the roots so carefully and leave the top all open?" It would take but a few words to explain to him that the leaves will active keep up an incessant demand for water and food which must mainly be collected by the roots from the ground, a work they could not do if separate from it; that the leaves, although essential to growth, were not essential to mere existence, and wrapped up in the buds were tiny new leaves ready to take the place of the old. So I waited until now and cut off most of the stem to make it easier to send the plant. Again, the roots even in a comparatively dormant condition, could not endure the changes of temperature and moisture that they would have to undergo if exposed to the open air. To keep them from doing so, I wrapped them in a moist material, and packed them in a box with a small quantity of soil to keep them from drying out.

It may seem an unwarranted waste of the time of an audience like this to attempt to define a seed, but I think I can better present some of the difficulties in the way of maintaining good seeds if I first say a few words concerning what I conceive a seed to be. If you had visited me in Detroit last summer, and been charmed by some variegated leafy shrub, I might have promised to send you a plant, and in fulfilling the promise this fall I had carefully packed a plant. My little boy, who sometimes asks questions, might have done so in this way: "Why papa, what made you wait so long before sending the plant to Mr. Smith, it was the leaves he liked, and now they are all gone he won't care for it, besides you have cut off most of the branches, and what makes you pack up the roots so carefully and leave the top all open?" It would take but a few words to explain to him that the leaves will active keep up an incessant demand for water and food which must mainly be collected by the roots from the ground, a work they could not do if separate from it; that the leaves, although essential to growth, were not essential to mere existence, and wrapped up in the buds were tiny new leaves ready to take the place of the old. So I waited until now and cut off most of the stem to make it easier to send the plant. Again, the roots even in a comparatively dormant condition, could not endure the changes of temperature and moisture that they would have to undergo if exposed to the open air. To keep them from doing so, I wrapped them in a moist material, and packed them in a box with a small quantity of soil to keep them from drying out.

It may seem an unwarranted waste of the time of an audience like this to attempt to define a seed, but I think I can better present some of the difficulties in the way of maintaining good seeds if I first say a few words concerning what I conceive a seed to be. If you had visited me in Detroit last summer, and been charmed by some variegated leafy shrub, I might have promised to send you a plant, and in fulfilling the promise this fall I had carefully packed a plant. My little boy, who sometimes asks questions, might have done so in this way: "Why papa, what made you wait so long before sending the plant to Mr. Smith, it was the leaves he liked, and now they are all gone he won't care for it, besides you have cut off most of the branches, and what makes you pack up the roots so carefully and leave the top all open?" It would take but a few words to explain to him that the leaves will active keep up an incessant demand for water and food which must mainly be collected by the roots from the ground, a work they could not do if separate from it; that the leaves, although essential to growth, were not essential to mere existence, and wrapped up in the buds were tiny new leaves ready to take the place of the old. So I waited until now and cut off most of the stem to make it easier to send the plant. Again, the roots even in a comparatively dormant condition, could not endure the changes of temperature and moisture that they would have to undergo if exposed to the open air. To keep them from doing so, I wrapped them in a moist material, and packed them in a box with a small quantity of soil to keep them from drying out.

It may seem an unwarranted waste of the time of an audience like this to attempt to define a seed, but I think I can better present some of the difficulties in the way of maintaining good seeds if I first say a few words concerning what I conceive a seed to be. If you had visited me in Detroit last summer, and been charmed by some variegated leafy shrub, I might have promised to send you a plant, and in fulfilling the promise this fall I had carefully packed a plant. My little boy, who sometimes asks questions, might have done so in this way: "Why papa, what made you wait so long before sending the plant to Mr. Smith, it was the leaves he liked, and now they are all gone he won't care for it, besides you have cut off most of the branches, and what makes you pack up the roots so carefully and leave the top all open?" It would take but a few words to explain to him that the leaves will active keep up an incessant demand for water and food which must mainly be collected by the roots from the ground, a work they could not do if separate from it; that the leaves, although essential to growth, were not essential to mere existence, and wrapped up in the buds were tiny new leaves ready to take the place of the old. So I waited until now and cut off most of the stem to make it easier to send the plant. Again, the roots even in a comparatively dormant condition, could not endure the changes of temperature and moisture that they would have to undergo if exposed to the open air. To keep them from doing so, I wrapped them in a moist material, and packed them in a box with a small quantity of soil to keep them from drying out.

It may seem an unwarranted waste of the time of an audience like this to attempt to define a seed, but I think I can better present some of the difficulties in the way of maintaining good seeds if I first say a few words concerning what I conceive a seed to be. If you had visited me in Detroit last summer, and been charmed by some variegated leafy shrub, I might have promised to send you a plant, and in fulfilling the promise this fall I had carefully packed a plant. My little boy, who sometimes asks questions, might have done so in this way: "Why papa, what made you wait so long before sending the plant to Mr. Smith, it was the leaves he liked, and now they are all gone he won't care for it, besides you have cut off most of the branches, and what makes you pack up the roots so carefully and leave the top all open?" It would take but a few words to explain to him that the leaves will active keep up an incessant demand for water and food which must mainly be collected by the roots from the ground, a work they could not do if separate from it; that the leaves, although essential to growth, were not essential to mere existence, and wrapped up in the buds were tiny new leaves ready to take the place of the old. So I waited until now and cut off most of the stem to make it easier to send the plant. Again, the roots even in a comparatively dormant condition, could not endure the changes of temperature and moisture that they would have to undergo if exposed to the open air. To keep them from doing so, I wrapped them in a moist material, and packed them in a box with a small quantity of soil to keep them from drying out.

It may seem an unwarranted waste of the time of an audience like this to attempt to define a seed, but I think I can better present some of the difficulties in the way of maintaining good seeds if I first say a few words concerning what I conceive a seed to be. If you had visited me in Detroit last summer, and been charmed by some variegated leafy shrub, I might have promised to send you a plant, and in fulfilling the promise this fall I had carefully packed a plant. My little boy, who sometimes asks questions, might have done so in this way: "Why papa, what made you wait so long before sending the plant to Mr. Smith, it was the leaves he liked, and now they are all gone he won't care for it, besides you have cut off most of the branches, and what makes you pack up the roots so carefully and leave the top all open?" It would take but a few words to explain to him that the leaves will active keep up an incessant demand for water and food which must mainly be collected by the roots from the ground, a work they could not do if separate from it; that the leaves, although essential to growth, were not essential to mere existence, and wrapped up in the buds were tiny new leaves ready to take the place of the old. So I waited until now and cut off most of the stem to make it easier to send the plant. Again, the roots even in a comparatively dormant condition, could not endure the changes of temperature and moisture that they would have to undergo if exposed to the open air. To keep them from doing so, I wrapped them in a moist material, and packed them in a box with a small quantity of soil to keep them from drying out.

notice it. His bovine majesty would be visited by reporter after reporter, and his master noted far and near as the owner of the wonderful beast. Yet at the end of 5 years his possible descendants would not exceed 1,000, valued possibly for beef at \$75,000 (and it is only their value for beef, or other ultimate ends of their production that is to be considered) and if 20 per cent of this value was due to him it would make his money value to the State some \$15,000. Now there can be no question but that it is as easy to find some improved variety of grain like Blount's corn or Clawson wheat which will under the same culture, and yield the common 20 per cent, as it is to find an animal whose descendants, under the same care and with the same amount of feed, will out weigh the common stock at slaughtering. But, if in some corner of the Washington County farm there was a single plant of corn which by a systematic course of selection and breeding had its characteristics so fixed that it was capable of increasing the productiveness of its descendants 20 per cent, no one would think it worthy of notice. I doubt if there are a dozen men here who would go a mile to see it. The matter would not be thought worthy of the thinnest kind of a local even in your town papers, and yet if the descendants of this plant were as carefully increased and preserved as were those of the bull they would amount at the end of even the 3rd year to 1,000,000 bushels of corn valued at \$250,000 and if 30 per cent of this was due to the improved seed, we would have \$75,000 against the \$15,000 of the much lauded bull. Again, our State Agricultural Society holds a great annual fair at which they offer thousands of dollars in premiums, and to attend which the farmers of the State expend thousands more, besides taking time to the very busiest season of all the year, and for what object? They tell us that these fairs are worth many times what they cost in the encouragement they give to the improvement of the quality of farm products. That the premiums and accompanying honors are given as a reward for the time and care taken in producing the better animals and grains. Let us look at this premium list. We find that in 1880 the Society offered premiums for cattle, amounting in the aggregate to about \$4,000;







creates false balance, issues promises to pay with the intent to defraud, practices deception in buying and selling, and generally winds up with a hidden bank account gained at the expense of unsuspecting creditors. In manufacturers it uses shoddy and palms off the fabric as composed of pure materials. It adulterates drugs and food supplies with deleterious compounds. In money circulation it counterfeits gold and silver with base metals, and bank notes with spurious bills. In the church it wears the mask of hypocrisy, and when hatching its vilest schemes is always most sanctimonious. In political affairs it perpetrates unblushing frauds—it uses tissue ballots at the polls to defeat the will of the majority, organizes forgeries on an extensive scale to carry an election, and would rule character to gain partisan advantage. In official station it uses place and power to further its own ends, and in its greed will strike for gain through the highest and most sacred functions of government. It creates enormous municipal debts, robs treasuries, wrecks banks, and destroys trust institutions as well as corporate credit. It is the ghost of society, the foe of reform, the pandemonium of evil, and the prolific parent of vice. It fills jails with tenants, and crowds prisons with convicts. It destroys virtue, pollutes innocence, ruins the unsuspecting, and leaves a trail as deadly as the serpent across the sanctities of home. Can it be true that this hideous monster prevails as largely in business, churches, trades, employment, politics and social life? It is a fact that honesty is a scarce commodity. For the credit of our civilization and of our common humanity, we do not believe it. The fact is clear, however, that there is too much deception and fraud prevalent. In business men in buying and selling, as well as in churches, are dishonest. It will sound the alarm over the decadence of public morals and private worth. The young men of the nation must be exhorted to abstain from evil, and cultivate habits of correct living. No young man need ever fail for the want of friends, influence, and position, who is honest, truthful and energetic. Honesty is the best capital ever used in the affairs of life. It is as solid as adamant, overcomes defeat, is superior to craft, and shines as the pure gold. Its crown is excellence, its title manhood, its arm exultation, and its banner victory.—U. S. Economist.

as chief of the Apache proclamation, in which and that he will harm roads or unarmed people of the westward. Think of unarmself to the tender!

is taken from under a of last week at Anderson 85 miles lying on the feet hanging over the was covered several and almost frozen to under the car being 10

organized in New York over the Missouri River Council Bluffs. A owner of Omaha \$50,000. The bridge is work clear to the line between the road and private property? If not, how near can he work?

protest against the grant Railroad was held at at the meeting it of the present fine Dominion, a branch terminus of the road to and secure greater the people at less than

at Hastings, Minn., en route catching an car. The church was ad in the panic that en- would be injured, the the low zero at the time, and the women and chil- saved the church, but

place at Troy, N. Y., a fight between two lasted an hour and 50 th dogs were literally was a dog owned by the fight excited great at New York, and Brooklyn, St. Louis, and about \$10,000 result in addition to the a side.

ign. Burke and John Han- Africa, the Boers shot ed to join them. Pot- checked and Major Clark

church in France on of the building fell in instantly and wound- of them fatally.

erlin that the German to invite American proved firearms to sub- to a heavy contract.

esty.

man, in a recent re- said the scarcest to-day was honesty. then, the most im- human affairs is left is required in the counting room, the and selling, in the the most responsi- the bond of confi- of a society. If this ne whole framework is in danger. When ecit triumphs, a bitter orted. You cannot rns, nor figs from leads to corruption, unchecked, revolu- tion, bold, aggressive, of day, and never and solid. Shams and sence of honest en- es, false ideas and ed in the atmosphere a. They find their y abides and deceit an element that de- ducts all the springs self interest superior tions. It plots in the cover, and crouches, honesty upon defenseless

creates false balance, issues promises to pay with the intent to defraud, practices deception in buying and selling, and generally winds up with a hidden bank account gained at the expense of unsuspecting creditors. In manufacturers it uses shoddy and palms off the fabric as composed of pure materials. It adulterates drugs and food supplies with deleterious compounds. In money circulation it counterfeits gold and silver with base metals, and bank notes with spurious bills. In the church it wears the mask of hypocrisy, and when hatching its vilest schemes is always most sanctimonious. In political affairs it perpetrates unblushing frauds—it uses tissue ballots at the polls to defeat the will of the majority, organizes forgeries on an extensive scale to carry an election, and would rule character to gain partisan advantage. In official station it uses place and power to further its own ends, and in its greed will strike for gain through the highest and most sacred functions of government. It creates enormous municipal debts, robs treasuries, wrecks banks, and destroys trust institutions as well as corporate credit. It is the ghost of society, the foe of reform, the pandemonium of evil, and the prolific parent of vice. It fills jails with tenants, and crowds prisons with convicts. It destroys virtue, pollutes innocence, ruins the unsuspecting, and leaves a trail as deadly as the serpent across the sanctities of home. Can it be true that this hideous monster prevails as largely in business, churches, trades, employment, politics and social life? It is a fact that honesty is a scarce commodity. For the credit of our civilization and of our common humanity, we do not believe it. The fact is clear, however, that there is too much deception and fraud prevalent. In business men in buying and selling, as well as in churches, are dishonest. It will sound the alarm over the decadence of public morals and private worth. The young men of the nation must be exhorted to abstain from evil, and cultivate habits of correct living. No young man need ever fail for the want of friends, influence, and position, who is honest, truthful and energetic. Honesty is the best capital ever used in the affairs of life. It is as solid as adamant, overcomes defeat, is superior to craft, and shines as the pure gold. Its crown is excellence, its title manhood, its arm exultation, and its banner victory.—U. S. Economist.

## Farm Law.

Inquiries from subscribers falling under the head of "Farm Law" will be answered in this column or by letter. Address communications to Henry A. Haight, Attorney at Law, 309 St. Louis, Detroit, Mich.

## POWER OF OVERSEER OF HIGHWAYS.

BATTLE CREEK, Dec. 23, 1880.  
To the Law Editor of the Michigan Farmer.  
Can you inform me through the FARMER whether the Overseer of Highways, in working the public roads, has the legal right to work clear to the line between the road and private property? If not, how near can he work?

Answer.—The Overseer of Highways is charged with the duty of keeping the roads in his district in repair, and in doing so he must necessarily act in accordance with his judgment and common sense as to the public. He may make the road-bed as wide as he deems necessary for the public use, and to do so may, I apprehend, work out to the limits of the street, if needful to obtain the requisite amount of earth, etc. If he proceeds in good faith, without malice, and only so far as his view of the public necessity demands, he will not be liable to adjacent owners who may be damaged.

## SHADE TREES IN HIGHWAYS.

Mr. Charles W. Garfield, Secretary of the State Horticultural Society, writes to know, in substance, how the statement recently made in this column that the owner of land fronting the highway has the legal right to cut down shade trees in front of his land, can be reconciled with the provision of statute (1 Comp. L. 459) which makes it unlawful and punishable by heavy fine to destroy such trees.

It will, I apprehend, be found that the statute in question has application only to persons who are not owners of the land on which the trees stand.

The policy of our laws strongly favors the planting and preservation of shade trees in the public highways; but it must be remembered that such trees are the private property of the adjacent owners, and that legislative control of them against such owners is extremely limited. Were their protection necessary to the public health or welfare, it might then be exercised even as against the owners; but the mere consideration of ornamenting the highway (important as my horticultural friend may justly deem it), could not under our constitution, justify the legislature in enacting a law which would deprive any citizen of his property. The statute referred to will therefore doubtless be found not to have that intention.

## RIGHTS OF TELEGRAPH COMPANIES.

And now comes J. T. B., a worthy farmer of Michigan, and complains that a party of "very sassy scoundrels," calling themselves the American Union Telegraph Company, have stuck up their poles and strung their wires in front of his farm without regard to his emphatic protest and against his earnest wishes. He says that they have even planted one of their poles so nearly in front of the gate to his private way as to impede his progress thither; he wants to know what he shall do about it.

Our friend has opened a question which involves the validity of some important legislation. The statute (1 Comp. L. 874) authorizes telegraph companies to construct their lines along any of the public roads of the State; and it provides that if any person over or through whose lands the lines pass feels aggrieved, he may apply to the Circuit Court, and it shall appoint commissioners to ascertain the damages, which on being approved by the Court must be paid by the company. The statute has two serious, possibly fatal, defects. It was passed in 1861, before the adoption of our present constitution, which provides that when private property is taken for the use of the public the necessity for using such property, and the compensation to be made therefor,

shall be ascertained by a jury of twelve freeholders residing in the vicinity of such property, or by three commissioners appointed by a court of record. Under the old constitution—which was in force at the time of passing the statute referred to—it was not thus necessary to have a judicial finding of the necessity for the proposed taking. All the jury or commissioners had to do was to assess the damages, and the legislature or the persons or corporations whom they allowed to act in the matter could determine as to the necessity for the taking. But now the jury or commissioners must find that the proposed taking is necessary. This statute does not provide for, and in that particular is fatally defective; proceedings under it are so far void, and the parties proceeding are trespassers. The other probable difficulty with the statute is that in it the legislature undertakes to give away what it does not own, or of which it does not have control. It gives telegraph companies the right to put up their lines along any highway. We have seen in former articles that the public only owns the right to pass and repass in the highways. Whether this includes the right to put a telegraph line there is a question. In my opinion it does not, and the legislature has no authority to give that right to any corporation. There has been conflict of opinion where the question has been considered with reference to railroads. Judge Cooley in his "Constitutional Limitation" p. 548 says: "It is a question of judicial authority as against the power of the legislature to appropriate a common highway to the purposes of a railroad, unless at the same time provision is made for compensation to the owners of the fee," and again when a case involving the question came before him in our Supreme Court he held accordingly, (38 Mich. 68.) If, therefore, the legislature has no right to authorize a railroad company to construct its road in the highway, certainly it would not have the right to authorize a telegraph company to place its lines there.

Supposing that the telegraph company is wrongfully in possession of the road, what is our farmer friend to do? Well, he may proceed against the company in an action of trespass, and this would doubtless be the best method to pursue. Or, if he is very mad, he may treat the poles and wires as nuisances erected on his land, and, proceeding to abate them as such, may cut them down and remove them. This would no doubt tend to create an interesting state of affairs, particularly interesting to lawyers, but it might not be so safe a method for the farmer. Certain it is, however, that the pole which obstructs the passage into his land is a legal nuisance, and he has the right to cut it down and remove it if he chooses to proceed thus summarily. But it would perhaps in this case be best to first notify the company that the pole obstructs the lane, and request them to remove it.

## Guilty of Wrong.

Some people have a fashion of confusing excellent remedies with the large mass of "patent medicines." There are some advertised remedies fully worth all that is asked for them, and one at least we know of—Hop Bitters. The writer has had occasion to use the Bitters in just such a climate as we have most of the year in Bay City, and has always found them to be first-class and reliable, doing all that is claimed for them.—Tribune.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

**NEWCOMB, ENDICOTT & CO.,**  
—IMPORTERS AND RETAILERS OF—  
**FINE DRY GOODS**  
2 & 3 OPERA HOUSE BLOCK,  
DETROIT, MICH.  
**GREAT CLEARING OUT SALE,**  
—COMMENCING—  
JANUARY 3rd, 1881.

We shall offer our entire stock of staple and fancy dry goods, at greatly reduced prices. We intend to sell a large portion of our stock before moving into our new store, in March, and to do this we expect to lose money. We desire to commence with a fresh stock. These goods will be sold regardless of cost, never in the history of our business have we been able to do our friends so much good.

Bargains will be found in every department. We call special attention to our lot of Black silks of over 10,000 yards, assorted grades, marked \$1.25 to \$2.50 per yard.

These goods will be put at a price lower than ever before known. Any person buying these silks can if they desire, have their money refunded if dissatisfied. We must sell these goods—must reduce our stock, and every one who can use a black silk for next summer, can save money by taking advantage of this sale.

We would call the attention of the Trade to this sale and will make it an object for any to purchase now for next season's trade. Customers from out of Town will find it greatly to their advantage to visit us during this sale.

## FOR SALE.

A very desirable GRAM and STOCK farm of nearly 500 acres. For particulars address  
FRED. WELLINGTON, Executor,  
141-6m  
Carrollton, Mich.

## BOOK - BINDING!

SEND YOUR  
MAGAZINES AND BOOKS  
—TO THE—  
**POST & TRIBUNE JOB COM'Y.,**  
Bookbinders & Printers, Detroit.

## AGENTS WANTED.

For the best and fastest A. S. Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 50 per cent. National Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

**Overcoats, Ulsters, Overcoats, Ulsters, Ulsterettes, Winter Suits, Ulsterettes, Winter Suits,**  
—FOR—  
**MEN, YOUTH AND BOYS' WEAR.**

For the BEST GOODS and LOWEST PRICES,

## —CALL ON—

**H. HALLOCK & CO.,**  
82 Woodward Ave., Detroit.

## Whose Are The Best?

**LANDRETH'S SEEDS**

To all who have occasion to purchase Seeds:

It is manifest that from Good Seeds only can good Vegetables be obtained: yet we see those who exhibit sound sense in most affairs of life, heedlessly purchase seeds of doubtful quality and character. The superior quality LANDRETH'S has been substantiated beyond all question. We therefore invite all who are not already purchasers of Landreth's Seeds to give them a trial. Those remote from our depots, Grocers and others selling our goods, can be supplied by us direct at reasonable prices.

Ask your stockkeeper for Landreth's Seeds in Original Sealed Packages or drop a Postal Card for prices and catalogue to  
**DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, Philadelphia, Pa.**

## W. S. PENFIELD,

HAS JUST RECEIVED A NEW & COMPLETE STOCK OF

**Baldwin's American Hay and Fodder Cutters,**

—ALSO—

Cornell's Premium and Burrall's Iron Corn Shellers; Curved and Straight-Knived Hand-Lever Cutters; Lighting and Upright Hay-Knives; American and Hocking Valley Cider Mills; Jersey Apple Grinder and Presser; Bentwood and Thermometer Churns.

A large stock of "New" Timothy and other Field and Garden Seeds always on hand. Also a Complete line of Garden and Farming Tools. Send for Circulars and Prices.

**121 Woodward Avenue, Detroit.**

## SEEDS! PURE, Fresh and the Best.

They are home-grown and have stood the test of years. Try them. Handsomely illustrated Garden Manual, mailed free. **BLUE** to send for this before ordering. Market Garden Seeds, for Special Price List, send for. J. B. ROOT & CO., Seed Growers, Rockford, Ill.

## DR. HALE'S MAGNETIC Mineral Water Cure.

Open all the Year

Winter Accommodations for the Treatment of all forms of Chronic Diseases and Diseases of Females.

Send postal for circulars. Address  
**MORRIS HALE, M. D.,**  
Eaton Rapids, Mich.

## BEFORE BUYING OR RENTING AN ORGAN

Send for our LATEST ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE 32 pp. 40, with newest styles, at \$51 and upward; \$28.75 per quarter and up. Send for. **MASON & HAMILTON ORGAN CO.,** 154 Tremont St., Boston; 46 East 14th St., New York; 146 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

## 1881. THE LEVER.

The LEVER is an independent paper having the following departments:

I—TEMPERANCE.

The LEVER is the only weekly temperance paper published in the State. In its columns all phases of the Temperance question are intelligently discussed by the ablest advocates of the cause in this and other States. It makes a specialty of Temperance News. It warmly advocates the Constitutional Amendment.

II—AGRICULTURAL.

The agricultural department of the LEVER is brim full of valuable suggestions for the Farmer, Orchard, Garden, Pasture and Kitchen, with live Market Reports.

III—GENERAL NEWS.

consisting of a complete weekly news summary, home and foreign.

IV—EDUCATIONAL.

The Educational Department of the LEVER is under the editorial management of Prof. Ewing of Iowa, with Prof. Estabrook, of Olivet, Garmer, of Big Rapids, Wahlgren, of Newaygo, and Miss M. H. Ross, Principal Kindergarten Normal, of Columbus, Ohio, as assistants.

V—SUNDAY SCHOOL.

containing a strictly non-denominational exegesis of the International Sunday School lesson.

VI—OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

This department is devoted especially to the instruction and amusement of the young.

VII—FIRESIDE READINGS.

It studiously excludes from its columns everything of an immoral nature. It cannot be hired to keep its mouth shut. Circulation 9,000 copies weekly, though less than three years old. The publishers are determined to make it the best and cheapest family paper published in the State.

Subscription price, \$1.50 per Year. Sample copies free. Reliable Agents Wanted. Address  
**VAN FLEET & NALL,**  
66 Madison Ave., Detroit, Mich.

We will furnish THE FARMER and THE LEVER to any address, when ordered together, for \$2.75 and pay all postage. Send all orders to  
**JOHNSTONE & GIBBONS, Publishers,**  
Detroit, Mich.

## Splendid Farm for Sale

Owing to the infirmity of years I offer for sale my farm of 160 acres, situated in Township of Webster, Washtenaw county; one mile north of Webster church. Sufficient pasture land, balance on water cut. Purchaser to build house, barn, etc.

**W. R. WALDRON,**  
Dexter P. O., Mich.

## LOVE COURTSHIP & MARRIAGE

Wonderful secrets, revelations and discoveries for married or single, securing health, wealth and happiness. This handsome book of 128 pages mailed for only 10c, by the Union Publishing Co., New York, N. Y.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

**Overcoats, Ulsters, Overcoats, Ulsters, Ulsterettes, Winter Suits, Ulsterettes, Winter Suits,**  
—FOR—  
**MEN, YOUTH AND BOYS' WEAR.**

For the BEST GOODS and LOWEST PRICES,

## —CALL ON—

**H. HALLOCK & CO.,**  
82 Woodward Ave., Detroit.

## Whose Are The Best?

**LANDRETH'S SEEDS**

To all who have occasion to purchase Seeds:

It is manifest that from Good Seeds only can good Vegetables be obtained: yet we see those who exhibit sound sense in most affairs of life, heedlessly purchase seeds of doubtful quality and character. The superior quality LANDRETH'S has been substantiated beyond all question. We therefore invite all who are not already purchasers of Landreth's Seeds to give them a trial. Those remote from our depots, Grocers and others selling our goods, can be supplied by us direct at reasonable prices.

Ask your stockkeeper for Landreth's Seeds in Original Sealed Packages or drop a Postal Card for prices and catalogue to  
**DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, Philadelphia, Pa.**

## W. S. PENFIELD,

HAS JUST RECEIVED A NEW & COMPLETE STOCK OF

**Baldwin's American Hay and Fodder Cutters,**

—ALSO—

Cornell's Premium and Burrall's Iron Corn Shellers; Curved and Straight-Knived Hand-Lever Cutters; Lighting and Upright Hay-Knives; American and Hocking Valley Cider Mills; Jersey Apple Grinder and Presser; Bentwood and Thermometer Churns.

A large stock of "New" Timothy and other Field and Garden Seeds always on hand. Also a Complete line of Garden and Farming Tools. Send for Circulars and Prices.

**121 Woodward Avenue, Detroit.**

## SEEDS! PURE, Fresh and the Best.

They are home-grown and have stood the test of years. Try them. Handsomely illustrated Garden Manual, mailed free. **BLUE** to send for this before ordering. Market Garden Seeds, for Special Price List, send for. J. B. ROOT & CO., Seed Growers, Rockford, Ill.

## DR. HALE'S MAGNETIC Mineral Water Cure.

Open all the Year

Winter Accommodations for the Treatment of all forms of Chronic Diseases and Diseases of Females.

Send postal for circulars. Address  
**MORRIS HALE, M. D.,**  
Eaton Rapids, Mich.

## BEFORE BUYING OR RENTING AN ORGAN

Send for our LATEST ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE 32 pp. 40, with newest styles, at \$51 and upward; \$28.75 per quarter and up. Send for. **MASON & HAMILTON ORGAN CO.,** 154 Tremont St., Boston; 46 East 14th St., New York; 146 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

## 1881. THE LEVER.

The LEVER is an independent paper having the following departments:

I—TEMPERANCE.

The LEVER is the only weekly temperance paper published in the State. In its columns all phases of the Temperance question are intelligently discussed by the ablest advocates of the cause in this and other States. It makes a specialty of Temperance News. It warmly advocates the Constitutional Amendment.

II—AGRICULTURAL.

The agricultural department of the LEVER is brim full of valuable suggestions for the Farmer, Orchard, Garden, Pasture and Kitchen, with live Market Reports.

III—GENERAL NEWS.

consisting of a complete weekly news summary, home and foreign.

IV—EDUCATIONAL.

The Educational Department of the LEVER is under the editorial management of Prof. Ewing of Iowa, with Prof. Estabrook, of Olivet, Garmer, of Big Rapids, Wahlgren, of Newaygo, and Miss M. H. Ross, Principal Kindergarten Normal, of Columbus, Ohio, as assistants.

V—SUNDAY SCHOOL.

containing a strictly non-denominational exegesis of the International Sunday School lesson.

VI—OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

This department is devoted especially to the instruction and amusement of the young.

VII—FIRESIDE READINGS.

It studiously excludes from its columns everything of an immoral nature. It cannot be hired to keep its mouth shut. Circulation 9,000 copies weekly, though less than three years old. The publishers are determined to make it the best and cheapest family paper published in the State.

Subscription price, \$1.50 per Year. Sample copies free. Reliable Agents Wanted. Address  
**VAN FLEET & NALL,**  
66 Madison Ave., Detroit, Mich.

We will furnish THE FARMER and THE LEVER to any address, when ordered together, for \$2.75 and pay all postage. Send all orders to  
**JOHNSTONE & GIBBONS, Publishers,**  
Detroit, Mich.

## Splendid Farm for Sale

Owing to the infirmity of years I offer for sale my farm of 160 acres, situated in Township of Webster, Washtenaw county; one mile north of Webster church. Sufficient pasture land, balance on water cut. Purchaser to build house, barn, etc.

**W. R. WALDRON,**  
Dexter P. O., Mich.

## LOVE COURTSHIP & MARRIAGE

Wonderful secrets, revelations and discoveries for married or single, securing health, wealth and happiness. This handsome book of 128 pages mailed for only 10c, by the Union Publishing Co., New York, N. Y.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

**Overcoats, Ulsters, Overcoats, Ulsters, Ulsterettes, Winter Suits, Ulsterettes, Winter Suits,**  
—FOR—  
**MEN, YOUTH AND BOYS' WEAR.**

For the BEST GOODS and LOWEST PRICES,

## —CALL ON—

**H. HALLOCK & CO.,**  
82 Woodward Ave., Detroit.

## Whose Are The Best?

**LANDRETH'S SEEDS**

To all who have occasion to purchase Seeds:

It is manifest that from Good Seeds only can good Vegetables be obtained: yet we see those who exhibit sound sense in most affairs of life, heedlessly purchase seeds of doubtful quality and character. The superior quality LANDRETH'S has been substantiated beyond all question. We therefore invite all who are not already purchasers of Landreth's Seeds to give them a trial. Those remote from our depots, Grocers and others selling our goods, can be supplied by us direct at reasonable prices.

Ask your stockkeeper for Landreth's Seeds in Original Sealed Packages or drop a Postal Card for prices and catalogue to  
**DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, Philadelphia, Pa.**

## W. S. PENFIELD,

HAS JUST RECEIVED A NEW & COMPLETE STOCK OF

**Baldwin's American Hay and Fodder Cutters,**

—ALSO—

Cornell's Premium and Burrall's Iron Corn Shellers; Curved and Straight-Knived Hand-Lever Cutters; Lighting and Upright Hay-Knives; American and Hocking Valley Cider Mills; Jersey Apple Grinder and Presser; Bentwood and Thermometer Churns.

A large stock of "New" Timothy and other Field and Garden Seeds always on hand. Also a Complete line of Garden and Farming Tools. Send for Circulars and Prices.

**121 Woodward Avenue, Detroit.**

## SEEDS! PURE, Fresh and the Best.

They are home-grown and have stood the test of years. Try them. Handsomely illustrated Garden Manual, mailed free. **BLUE** to send for this before ordering. Market Garden Seeds, for Special Price List, send for. J. B. ROOT & CO., Seed Growers, Rockford, Ill.

## DR. HALE'S MAGNETIC Mineral Water Cure.

Open all the Year

Winter Accommodations for the Treatment of all forms of Chronic Diseases and Diseases of Females.

Send postal for circulars. Address  
**MORRIS HALE, M. D.,**  
Eaton Rapids, Mich.

## BEFORE BUYING OR RENTING AN ORGAN

Send for our LATEST ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE 32 pp. 40, with newest styles, at \$51 and upward; \$28.75 per quarter and up. Send for. **MASON & HAMILTON ORGAN CO.,** 154 Tremont St., Boston; 46 East 14th St., New York; 146 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

## 1881. THE LEVER.

The LEVER is an independent paper having the following departments:

I—TEMPERANCE.



## Poetry.

## MY LITTLE BROWN MARE.

She's rather too lean, but her head's a large size,  
And she hasn't the average number of eyes;  
Her hind legs are not what you'd call a good pair,  
And she's broken both knees, has my little brown mare.

You can find some amusement in counting each rib,  
And she bites when she's hungry like mad at her crib;  
When viewed from behind she seems all in the square—  
She's quite a Freemason—my little brown mare.

Her paces are rather too fast, I suppose,  
For she often comes down on her fine Roman nose,  
And the way she takes fences makes hunting men stare,  
For she backs through the gaps, does my little brown mare.

She has curbs on her hocks and no hair on her knees;  
She has spits and has spavins wherever you please;  
Her neck, like a vulture's, is terribly bare,  
But still she's a beauty, my little brown mare.

She owns an aversion to windmills and ricks,  
When passing a wagon she lies down and kicks;  
And the clothes of her groom she'll persistently tear—  
But still she's no vice, has my little brown mare.

When turned down to grass she oft strays out of bounds;  
She always was famous for snuffing at hounds;  
And even the baby was learned to beware  
The too playful bite of my little brown mare.

She prances like mad and she jumps like a flea,  
And her waltz to a brass band is something to see:  
No circus had ever a horse, I declare,  
That could go through the hoops like my little brown mare.

I mount her but seldom—in fact, to be plain,  
Like the Frenchman, when hunting, I "do not remain";  
Since I've only one neck it would hardly be fair  
To risk it in riding my little brown mare!

Punch.

## CHRISTMAS CAROL.

It came upon the midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old,  
From angels bending near the earth,  
To touch their harps of gold;

"Peace on earth, good-will to men,  
That world in solemn stillness lay  
To hear the angels sing."

Still through the cloven skies they come,  
With peaceful wings unfurled;  
And their heavenly music floats  
O'er all the weary world;

Above its sad and lowly plains,  
They bend on hovering wing,  
And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
The blessed angels sing.

But with the woes of sin and strife  
The world has suffered long;  
Beneath the angel strain that rolled  
Two thousand years of wrong;

And man at war with man, hears not  
The love-song which they bring;  
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,  
And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,  
Whom woes are bending low,  
Who toll along the tolling way,  
With painful steps and slow—

Look now, for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing;  
Oh, rest beside the weary road,  
And hear the angels sing!

For, lo! the days are hastening on,  
By prophet-bards foretold,  
When with the ever-circled years  
Comes round the age of gold;

When peace shall over all the earth  
Its ancient splendor fling,  
And the whole world give back the song  
Which now the angels sing.

## Miscellaneous.

## MARGARET THORN.

"There's nothing half so sweet in life,  
As Love's young dream," sang George Arcastle,  
As he stood outside the low cottage gate in the Autumn twilight. "Do you believe that, Daisy?"

The girl, who stood just inside it, her clasped hands resting lightly on her arm as he bent over her, laughed a low, contented, childish laugh, which told a tale of quiet happiness.

"I don't know whether I believe it or not," she answered. "But," timidly, "I believe in you."

Was it her fancy, or did a cloud pass over the handsome face above her? She thought so at first, but the smile which came close upon it made her doubt.

"What a dear little girl it is!" he exclaimed, touching her pink cheek softly. "What a dear little innocent heart!"

She looked at him shyly, a sidewise, bird-like look, which made her pet name seem most aptly given, for he often called her Birdie.

"Don't laugh at me," she pleaded. "Ought I not to believe in you?"

He bent to kiss her. "Yes, yes, believe in me, little one. I would not make a jest of you for the world. I must not keep you longer, the dew is falling, and your dress is damp already. Good night."

"So soon!" If the lips did not express the words, the sweet face showed her disappointment. "Shall I see you to-morrow, George?" she asked.

"Probably. I'll not promise, so don't be disappointed if I fail."

"But why should you fail?" she asked, wondering how he could like to tantalize her.

"Would you know, my dear one? It is because I shall have to be away to-morrow—to see some people staying at the great fashionable sea-place, two miles off. Good-night, again."

Daisy stood for a few moments, looking at the sea in front of her, still to-night; and then went into the cottage with a happy heart.

"So Mr. Arcastle has gone," said her father, laying his paper aside with a little sigh of satisfaction; "we can have a quiet evening together, you and I. By the way, Daisy, this sea air is doing wonders for you; you are actually growing rosy. I am glad we came, and it was lucky, our getting these cheap, pretty lodgings, wasn't it?"

"Yes," answered Daisy. "Everything has come about very happily for us, papa, very happy indeed."

"One thing troubles me, Daisy," he said, a little anxiously; "after the pure air of the country you will not like London."

"Never fear for me, papa; I am not going to dislike anything. And, besides, we have two weeks yet to enjoy of these lovely sea-side breezes, we so need not

think of any worry that is to come. Papa, I will play for you if you like—music sounds best in the twilight—and you shall lie and listen and go to sleep if you will."

There was an old piano in the room by the window; it was not much new, but it had a sweet tone. And Daisy, sitting at it in the darkness, translated the language of her happy heart into music.

"Two weeks more," she said. Two weeks of love and happiness.

Nearly every day of that two weeks had brought George Arcastle to the little white cottage that stood nearly a mile from the village; sometimes but for a few minutes—often for a longer stay.

Mr. George Arcastle, gentleman and man of the world, was fighting a battle with himself—and it was a very rare thing for Mr. Arcastle to do.

Cosmo Thorn, Daisy's father, was always glad to see the handsome, cheerful young fellow; and Daisy was shy and quiet always, and the welcome that shone in her eyes was not seen by the elder man.

On this last afternoon, the clear brown eyes had a shadow in them; but the red lips smiled the while, and Daisy seemed very bright and cheerful. So much so that her father, stroking her soft hair, said, with a pleased look on his warm face, "My little girl is glad to go back again, after all. The prospect of living amid bricks and mortar is not so gloomy as I thought."

But the younger man, seeing the shadow, understood.

Just eight weeks before, in a solitary ramble he was taking along the shore, George Arcastle described, far off on a high rock, cut off from land by the advancing tide, a slender, girlish figure, standing erect, and gazing straight out to sea.

"It is almost up to my waist already, and I can hardly hold on," she had answered in response to his call, and then she turned her face seaward again, and said no more.

Half an hour later Mr. Thorn, sitting in the shady porch of the little cottage, with his newspapers, was horrified, nay, almost paralyzed by the sudden appearance of an excited and very wet young man, hatless and coatless, bearing in his arms a half-drowned figure, which proved to be his daughter, Daisy—a veritable Undine in appearance, but, for the time unconscious of it all.

"The people directed 'me here, Sir. They said the young lady lived here."

"Heaven bless me, yes!" cried the agitated father. "It is my child, and you have saved her!"

That was the way the acquaintance commenced, but it did not end. Daisy, when attired in dry raiment, proved to be so charming a girl that George Arcastle could not resist the temptation of calling again and again to inquire whether the adventure had been productive of harmful consequences, and after that of calling without any excuse whatever. For eight weeks this had gone on, and now the end of the summer had come, all too soon for Daisy.

"It must be good-night and good-bye this time," said George Arcastle, as they stood by the gate in the twilight, for she had strolled down the garden with him. It has been a pleasant season here, has it not, Daisy?"

"Oh, so pleasant!" The sigh, arrested, told how much the words meant. "Shall we ever see you again?" she asked timidly.

He passed before her, spoke, knowing quite well that he wished to see her again, but that he ought not.

"I shall be in London during the winter and will look you up," he said presently.

"I have the address: Chelsea, or some such out of the way"—Mr. Arcastle coughed to drown the words—"some such rural suburb of the great metropolis, is it not? Yes, I will certainly call upon you if you will allow me."

"I—papa will be very glad. Good-bye."

His own good-bye was whispered as he stooped to kiss her. And then she stood alone, her heart aching; for Margaret Thorn had learned to love him with her whole soul.

Cosmo Thorn was an artist, his health had failed him strangely of late, and the future presented but an uncertain vista. He hoped to live; to live and work yet for Daisy's sake: Their Chelsea lodgings were in Amity-place. For a few weeks they were busy in settling themselves in them; and the excitement, together with the gratification of looking at the picture galleries, did Mr. Thorn good. The landlady, Mrs. Wilson, a good-hearted, motherly woman, always busy, took kindly to the pale, gentle artist, and to the no less gentle daughter who had such pleasant, honest, sweet brown eyes and rather sad face.

But ere Mr. Thorn had well begun to work, his health failed him again. The experienced landlady thought she saw symptoms of heart disease, and urged him to see a doctor. He would, he answered, if he did not soon get better—he supposed the thick London air and the November fogs were affecting his breath.

"Daisy," he said one day, "I wonder we don't see anything of Mr. Arcastle. He told me he should call."

"Did he, papa?" she said, her cheeks flushing.

After the first week or two a little shadow had come into Daisy's eyes and rested there. It puzzled her father, and troubled him more than he would have confessed. She had of late taken a fancy to sit near the window, that she might see both sides of the road—the house stood back from it in a small garden; she started nervously at any unusual sound, and there was a look in her face as though she were watching for some one. If so, nobody ever came.

At last, one day, Mr. Thorn, coming up the stairs slowly and with the frequent pauses which of late were necessary to him, heard a man's voice in the room above, and on reaching the door George Arcastle rose to greet him. It needed only one glance at Daisy's face to tell the story of the past watching and waiting. And her father, settling down into his great chair with a little sigh, said, "My dear, sadly, 'Children grow so fast—so very fast.'"

After that the handsome face and figure might be seen often at Amity-place; George Arcastle came frequently, and Mr. Thorn,

watching the two from his corner, noted his manner curiously.

He seemed very fond of Daisy always; but now and then there would arise a constraint in his manner, which was greatly at variance with the lover-like tenderness of other times.

"I must have a talk with him some day," thought Mr. Thorn; "though it is very disagreeable to have to speak upon such a subject. But I cannot let this go on if he does not mean anything—and if he does mean it, I must—must make some inquiries. He has told me he is a gentleman, and he appears to be rich, but beyond that I know nothing. He has always been silent about himself; never yet as much as hinted in what part of the world he lives."

Disagreeable tasks often get procrastinated, and just about this time Mr. Arcastle mentioned that he was going out of town to spend the Christmas—should probably be away a month. Daisy's face fell, but her father's brightened. "I'll not speak to him till he comes back," he said to himself; "and perhaps there may be no necessity to do it at all. He may never renew his acquaintanceship with us; and it may be all the better for Daisy in the end if he does not. There is a secretiveness about him that I don't like."

So Mr. Arcastle departed on his visit, and the father and daughter remained on in their solitary loneliness.

More than a month passed before he again appeared at Amity-place. Daisy met him with a white, sad face, and she wore a deep black dress that told its own story.

"He was buried yesterday," she gasped. "Only yesterday."

Mr. Arcastle had not an unfeeling heart. He was deeply shocked; and when Daisy grew a little calmer he got her to tell him some of the particulars.

"It was the very day after you were last here. Papa had been making ready to walk out; he was going to a picture-dealer to see if he could get an order; I wished him good-bye, and went to my room to fetch some work. When I came back he was sitting on the carpet near his head on a chair; he had turned faint and fallen, he told me. Mrs. Wilson got a doctor in; he said papa must go to bed, or at least rest, and be still, if he wanted to get better. From that day he never went out; never; instead of getting better he grew worse, and last Thursday—to-morrow will be a week—he died."

She seemed to recite this mechanically, a little sob catching her throat now and then. Mr. Arcastle drew a deep breath.

"I am deeply sorry. I wish I had been here to visit him!"

"Yes, if you had been! We had no one, you know."

"No one. And—what are you going to do now, Daisy?"

"Oh, that's all settled," she said, calmly. "I am painting water-color drawings; little things on cardboard. They bring me in enough to live and to pay Mrs. Wilson. She lets me stay here for the present."

"A precarious living!" he exclaimed, with almost contemptuous disparagement. "And one that may fail you at any time."

"I think not," she answered. While papa lay ill I told him I should like to dispose of some of the water-color drawings I had done when in Northumberland, and he bade me take two or three to a shop near the Strand, where they deal in such, and to say that I was his daughter. They liked the drawings, and bought two of them; they have taken more since then, and they say I cannot do better than keep on painting them. Oh, I have no fear of getting on."

"And I suppose you sell these things for an old song?"

"They don't fetch much, it's true. But I am very industrious. See! here are two ready to go in."

Opening a portfolio that lay on the table, she showed him two small water-colors. Mr. Arcastle was no judge of art; but he saw how pretty they were.

"Why, that—that's a view at Fairslea!" he exclaimed, gazing at one of them.

"Yes," she sighed. "I did it from memory. Here is the cottage gate we used to stand at, and these are the rocks, and that's the sea in the distance."

"Perhaps these things are as well as anything else you could do for yourself at present," he acknowledged, as he laid the drawing down. And by and by he took his leave.

The days went on, and poor grieving Daisy began to see some sunshine in them. What with the constant occupation of her work, which she loved, and the occasional companionship of George Arcastle, life seemed to be growing bright again.

And he—seemed happy, too, but in a fitful way that troubled Daisy a little sometimes; seasons of gaiety alternating with seasons of gloom. She could not understand them, and they began to torment her unreasonably.

"I wish you would tell me what it is that troubles you," she said one evening as he stood tapping idly on the window, after they got home from a walk. Generally speaking, he left her at the door; this evening he came up stairs. "I do not like to see you unhappy."

"Unhappy! My dear, do not get fanciful," he added, with a laugh—but to Daisy's ears it seemed forced.

She turned to light her wax candle—for the twilight was deepening into darkness—put it on the table, and took her bonnet off. George Arcastle turned sharply from the window, shook her hand, and wished her good night.

Vaulting down the stairs, he was confronted by the landlady. Good Mrs. Wilson, full of bustle care though she was, had her ideas of right and wrong, and she intended to protect the friendless girl above, as far as lay in her power.

"Right! perfectly so, Mrs. Wilson," he cried, in response to her few whispered words. "What else can you be thinking of?"

"Well, sir, I'd not like to doubt you. You were a friend, as I often remind myself, of the poor gentleman, her father. But you are not her brother, sir, and you are not, so far as I know, engaged to be her husband, and for any other, save one of

those two relationships, I can't help saying that you are here overmuch."

The front door was standing open, and the rays of the gas-lamp fell full upon the honest face of the landlady, Mr. Arcastle, looking also full at her, paused.

"And what if I tell you, Mrs. Wilson, that I am engaged to be her husband? At any rate, that I intend very shortly to be so?"

"Then, sir, if it is so, I am only too glad to hear it. Do you really mean it, Sir? Honor bright?"

"I do mean it," he answered, laughing, as he turned away; "good night."

"And that's pleasant news for a rainy day," thought the good landlady, as she gazed admiringly after him. "Somehow I didn't think it—and I had to take care of the child. He is so fine and fashionable—seems as if the world were made for him."

The next evening Mr. Arcastle came again to take Daisy for a walk. During its progress he asked her to become his wife. What answer could she make but "Yes."

"I wonder how many people in this town are as happy as we?" he said, laughing at the sweet face which glanced up at him. "Not many, there, Birdie?" and "Birdie" clung a little closer to his arm by way of answer.

Turning the corner of the unfrequented street at this moment, his hand resting upon hers, two fashionable-looking men met them unexpectedly. Mr. Arcastle snatched away his hand at once, and made as if he would have put Daisy off his arm; really it seemed so. The strangers nodded to him and walked on. It all passed in an instant, leaving Daisy struck with discomfort.

"They stared at her rudely. The look they both gave her was one of undisguised admiration, but it was a look which made the hot tears rush to her eyes."

"George," she said, suppressing a sob, "I do not care to walk any further, let us go back."

"Did those fellows startle you?" he cried, fiercely, a dark cloud settling on his face. "Hang them for their rudeness! But you were not afraid, Daisy—with me?"

His fierceness frightened her more than all; what could it mean?—but she answered earnestly: "No, not afraid—never afraid with you. Still, I would rather go back."

When they got in, George again went up with her. He sat down, made Daisy sit opposite to him, and asked her to marry him the following week.

She was too startled at first to reply. The following week!—when her father had not been dead—"Oh George!" she gasped.

"Well, what is to prevent it?"

"Not so soon, George, not so soon. I could not. Six months at least must elapse."

"Nonsense, Daisy. Recollect you have no one to take care of you here."

"I take care of myself."

"I tell you you are talking nonsense," he cried, angrily.

But for once Daisy had the courage to be firm. This was April; she would be married in June if he wished, but not before, she gently told him. Mr. Arcastle could not help himself; he went away in a temper, and Daisy sat down and indulged in a good cry.

Two days after, he came again and made his peace. Daisy, who had been rendered thoroughly miserable by the estrangement, conceded so far as to abate a week or two of the prolonged term, and promised to be his on the first of June. And when he said good-bye that night he told her she would not see him again for a week or two; he was going to a place he had in Wales.

"Is it in Wales that we shall live?" she asked, timidly.

"I can't tell. I mean to take you traveling with me at first."

"Where?"

"Oh, half over the world. Good-bye, my darling," he concluded—and left his last kiss upon her lips.

Three or four days after this, Daisy was busy over her work, the little table drawn to the window, when Mrs. Wilson appeared, showing up a large, middle-aged woman, very handsomely dressed. Daisy rose, and the first thing this lady did was to put her hands on the girl's shoulders, the better to gaze upon her face.

"I should have known you, my dear, from your likeness to your father. Do you remember me, Margaret?"

"No."

"What, not remember your poor mother's cousin, Mrs. Grantley? I stayed some weeks with you the year before she died."

"But you have grown so stout," rose to Daisy's lips. She did not say so; the recollections of past years came over her, and she burst into tears. Mrs. Grantley gathered her to her bosom and let her sob there.

"I have been a bird of passage since then," she said, "roaming about from place to place on the Continent. Coming over here a week or two ago, I went into Northumberland, and found your father had sold the old place and was gone away; and I have been until now tracking you out. Margaret, why did he not write to me when he became embarrassed? I have plenty, and to spare."

"I think he did not know where you were, Aunt Grantley. And, if he had known—you remember how sensitive he was."

"Yes, I remember all that," returned Aunt Grantley—by which name Daisy had been taught to call her. "And I am afraid it may be true that he did not know where to write to me. Ah, well, that's over and done with; from henceforth, Margaret, you must be to me as a daughter."

So this young girl's fortunes were changed. All in a moment. She felt herself something like Cinderella. She who had had to work for her bread, was suddenly converted into a young lady of consideration and an heiress; for Mrs. Grantley made no secret of where her money was already staid.

She carried Daisy off to the hotel she was staying at; in a week they would leave for Paris, in which fascinating city Mrs. Grantley meant to set up her home. Daisy,

as yet, had not called up courage to tell her of Mr. Arcastle—but she must do so in a day or two—and she wished he would come back for it.

"You are going to the opera to-night, Daisy," said Mrs. Grantley, coming in one afternoon.

"Oh, aunt, how kind of you!"

"It is no kindness of mine, my dear. I met Lady Bell just now—you know, I think, what old friends we are, and we were together all last Summer in the Tyrol—and she invited me to her opera-box to-night. I spoke of you, and she said bring you by all means. We dine with her first. Have you ever been to the opera?"

"No, never."

"Ah, you will enjoy it then. It is 'Lucia.'"

Evening came. Daisy was entering the house in the wake of Lady Bell and Mrs. Grantley, when, putting down her hand in one of the corridors to catch up the train of her new black lace dress, her jet bracelet fell off her wrist, and she stooped to pick it up. Not at the first moment did she find it; her friends were then out of sight, and two gentlemen, passing, had turned to look at her, and seemed to be waiting.

"She is confoundingly pretty," cried the one to the other, not attempting to lower his voice. "Arcastle has taste; that's certain."

Unvoluntarily Daisy raised her eyes, and she met the same bold gaze which had frightened her so a few days before. The insolence of the stare made her turn crimson. "What have I ever done to them?" she asked herself; and she felt sick and faint, for they seemed to bar her passage forward.

"My dear, where are you? what are you lingering for?" called out a voice at this juncture, and to her intense relief she saw the ladies coming back in search of her.

"I dropped my bracelet, Lady Bell," she answered, hastening forward; and the gentleman who had not spoken, spoke now to the other.

"You must be mistaken, Tom; what a fool you are! I thought it was not quite the same face!"

"Ah, how do you do, Sir Thomas?" cried Lady Bell; and, to Daisy's surprise, both the ladies and both the gentlemen were the next minute shaking hands together.

"I did not know you were in England, Mrs. Grantley," said the one who had stared at Daisy.

"I am only here for a short time. Next week I go to Paris with my niece, Margaret, my dear, this is Sir Thomas Shelton." And the gentleman bowed to her with a deprecating grace that had never yet been offered to Daisy.

The curtain was rising as they took their places in the box. Daisy sat in a maze of enchantment. What with the magic scene before her, and the singing, and the glittering company crowding the house, she felt as one in a delightful dream. Only one thing did it want to make it perfect—the presence of George Arcastle.

A stir in the opposite box, empty until now, aroused her. A lady, tall and elegant, was entering it; and, evidently displeased at something, was complaining in rather too loud a tone to the box attendant. A certain haughtiness in her carriage, and a frown, which seemed to have become part of her dark beauty, attracted Daisy. The next moment, following her in, came another lady, and then George Arcastle. A rush of red dyed Daisy's face, and she hastily spread her black fan out before it.

"There's George Arcastle!" exclaimed old Lady Bell. "He is looking over here; he sees us."

She bowed, as did Mrs. Grantley. Daisy took a stealthy peep, and saw that the bows were given to her lover.

"Who did you say that gentleman is?" she asked of Lady Bell.

"That? That's Mr. Arcastle."

"I thought—his name was Arcastle," Daisy ventured to say, in her perplexity.

"It was Arcastle; and of course it is, so to say, Arcastle still. When he married, he had to take his wife's name, and drop his own. The names are ridiculously alike."

"His wife's name!" mechanically repeated Daisy; believing they must be speaking of two people. "Mr. Arcastle is not married."

"Indeed he is," replied Lady Bell. "That is his wife's name, by whom he is sitting; and that other lady is her sister. They were co-heiresses, the Miss Arbuckle, very rich, and young Arcastle married the elder. He was not badly off himself, but her riches are immense. Where did you know him?"

"He—he was at the seaside last Autumn when I was staying there with papa," gasped Daisy, feeling ready to faint with this dreadful revelation. "I do not think he was married then; he did not seem to be; he was by himself—and he called himself Arcastle."

Lady Bell smiled significantly. "He has been married these three years, my dear. As to being out alone, that is no uncommon thing; and it is said he is addicted to calling himself Arcastle still, and wishes



## "A JOY FOREVER."

We passed from the dazzling light,  
We left the rustling throng of dancers;  
Miss Smith had said to me, "We might,  
I almost think, sit out the Lancers."  
And, wondering on we lost our way—  
A country house in mist perplexing—  
Miss Smith was filled with sweet dismay,  
And closer clung—'twas very vexing.

We rested at a window seat,  
My hand detained a hand half willing;  
We murmured of the floor, the heat,  
And other things as widely thrilling.  
Some missette over head entwined,  
Gave rise to arch but tempting banter,  
I kissed her—lost my peace of mind—  
And got a piece of her instanter.

She stamped her foot, her bosom rose  
And fell with maidenly vexation;  
She said—but what she said, I know,  
For I was lost in admiration.  
But there she stood, a dear at bay,  
A picture for a master's sketching;  
I sought her as a mortal may,  
And thought she never looked so fetching.

My deeds were rash, my words insane—  
At length we could no longer tarry—  
And when we joined the dance again  
Miss Smith was Kate and I was Harry.  
Ten years' possession has not dried  
My love, but I'm in this position;  
The trappings which I once adorned  
Have palled from frequent repetition.

—Nym Crinkie.

## VANDERBILT AND UNCLE RUFUS HATCH.

A reporter of the *World* asked on Saturday last from Uncle Rufus Hatch his opinion on the situation of the stock market, and was promptly informed. "Every thing in Wall Street is at sixes and at sevens, and we had better be careful or we shall soon be at thirties and at elevens. However, I don't care to say anything about the stock market, as I am so often misquoted."

"You say that dreamily."  
"That is because of my dream last Sunday night on the cars, when I was returning from Washington. And if the *World* dares to print it on my authority it shall have it. Don't you forget though, that my morning dreams never go by contraries. I dreamed that I was the son of the old Commodore who did not feed his flocks on the Grampian Hills of Staten Island, where for a long time I was a frugal swain. I dreamed my father made millions of money by running steamboats and ferry boats in opposition to other people, and that when he was gathered to his forefathers at the ripe old age of eighty-three, he left me about \$100,000,000, which in five years' time I had multiplied to about \$300,000,000, after settling with my sisters, aunts and cousins and brothers. I dreamed that I was in the habit of yearly crossing the ocean—ferry and purchasing real pictures, not chromos or lithographs, of imaginary profits, worth in a batch \$500,000 'as the world was,' and that I bought horses on my return that cost \$10,000 each, less or more, or 'L'Assommoir,' or words to that French effect. I also dreamed that I did not pay any taxes—to speak of. That I purchased \$100,000,000 of Government bonds, which were free from taxation, thereby saving me the trouble of palavering the urbane President Wheeler of the Tax Commission. I dreamed that I needed flow my hours, so noiseless falls the foot of time that only trends on flowers, or runs over steel rails which cover dividends at 8 per cent with water under every tie. I dreamed that I build magnificent mansions which Lucullus might have envied, on Fifth Avenue for myself and members of my family. I dreamed that my wealth—the thought of which made the spirit of Ceres unasily fly like a bat by night, over the ruins of Persia and the swampy lots about Babylon—continued to accumulate until the agglomerated wealth of the Rothschilds appeared as only a widow's mite in comparison with my wealth. As I dreamed—and this was, mind you, after a midnight sandwich and glass of Apollinaris at the Philadelphia depot—I thought my life as son and successor of the good old Commodore verged toward mortal climax like a share of New Jersey Southern. I dreamed that at a ripe old age—ninety-six or thereabouts, and while preparing to celebrate my centennial—having passed more than the allotted time of my race, and with all the wealth and splendor that earth could give me, my transfer books opened and my stock ledgers closed, and that I died. I dreamed that I got away as the Commodore's son and as owner of the houses that Vander built, with a dress suit, an ebony coffin with gold bar handles, presented by Flood of San Francisco, and surrounded with every paraphernalia that one man can undertake for another when that other is going to realize on his one share of cemetery stock and is going long of all time bargains. I dreamed that I found my real estate when I was laid away the smallest that I had ever possessed. I dreamed that after some uncomfortable moments I sped toward the celestial regions with the speed of a 326 Paterson engine. Soon I arrived at the gate of Paradise, and stood outside, like Tom Moore's Peri, disconsolate, with a confounded echo saying as I spoke the line—'late!' 'late!' To me an usher comes. I seem to have innumerable cards about me shaped like a V and all curiously greenbacked. The usher takes a card and disappears on a vaporish platform with a self-acting gate. I look around and see only a fog-bank without cushi-ns, but I sit down and take stock of my situation. Presently a celestial lackey passes, and I ask whether I can see St. Peter—I almost said St. Paul and Milwaukee, but checked myself on a stop-order. After some little disarrangement of my timetable and apparent switching of trains on a celestial railroad, a little window near me opened precisely like a ticket-window, and out of it the letters, N. Y. C. and H. R. R. in effulgent light. I hail this as a good omen. Out of the window comes a benevolent head, the like of which by an old master I remembered as in my picture gallery labeled 'St. Peter.' 'Are those letters a compliment or a guarantee?' I asked. 'These letters,' said the saint in a sweetly persuasive voice, 'mean New Year Celestial and Heavenly Railroad,' and don't you make a mistake, my sweet William of an earthly garden. But what do you think?"

"I want to come in," I respond, "and to take a ticket with a return, if that be allowable."  
"To which the Saint responds: 'Who enter here do not leave behind, provided they first give a good reference.'"  
"To this I reply that I refer to the old Commodore. 'Tell my father that Billy is here.'"  
"The Commodore is down stairs in the vaults just now shoveling coal, sixteen hours per diem."  
"What! You don't put a great millionaire in purgatory?"  
"We do not here call the vaults by that title. We name them 'Retribution.'"  
"Then I refer to the Aster of the millionaire flocks of earth."  
"The Aster is out collecting rents. He built houses for the rich and not for the poor. He leaves at seven o'clock every morning, and returns at six in the evening."  
"Is A. T. Stewart present?"  
"Yes, but he is very busy keeping a dry goods store around the corner."  
"Well, is Daniel Drew where I can speak with him?"  
"No; Daniel Drew has got a little broker's shop of his own on the other side of the street, where he still sells puts and calls on Erie, and dabbles in Wabash."  
"Can I see Mr. Lincoln, our late President, Mr. Seward, Mr. Greeley, or Mr. Orton? Are they here?"  
"Why, of course, they came here on an express train, without stops, and they went right on to the best station in Jupiter's planet. Please remember that their lives were spent in benefiting mankind. We knew all about them before they came, and perhaps they had more to do with this last election in the success of Garfield over Hancock, than Sam Tilden or John Kelly. But have you no other references?" asked St. Peter.  
"Is George Peabody here?"  
"Why, of course he is here. He divided his money before departing the other life and for the benefit of the laboring man. He built houses for the mechanics to live in London and left the rents to accumulate for their benefit. He did all he could for his fellow men."  
"Why," I exclaimed in my dream, "I spent \$4,000,000 in 1880 and 1881 to take very same thing, and where he spent \$1,000,000 I have spent \$300,000,000 on the same lines of survey. Before I came away it was arranged that these rents should be very moderate, not exceeding three per cent on the investment, and this is to go on and multiply for ages and ages to be reinvested all for the laboring man who did so much to make my father and myself as wealthy as we were. If Mr. Peabody can come in I am certainly entitled to go in and enjoy all the privileges that he does."  
"Well, sweet William," said St. Peter, "we only had one fault to find with Mr. Peabody when he came here, and that was he left America and went to England to die that he might have a long funeral. But, my sweet William of the golden parterres of earth, if what you just said is true, I will see that you have every facility to prove it. I shall telephone down to New York and see if there is any one upon whom I can rely who will verify your statement. In the mean time you can go out and look at the pictures of the subterranean world, and if you get tired—as I know you will—you can visit the stables and select the fastest horses and exercise them, say twelve hours a day to commence with, and as soon as I find your statement is correct I will send for you to return to this celestial ticket office. You know up here we are all old fogies; we never resign or die, and we are very conservative, and analogous to what you managed in affairs on earth; we constitute a close corporation. Now you must excuse me, I have no time to go into an argument of how you managed your interests on earth, but please remember that you will have a fair show."

"What! am I to go to purgatory?"  
"Please remember that I have just stated that we have no purgatory; it is dry retribution. Some people work a hundred years and some a thousand, with additional hours, at what they did on earth to make up for the hardship which they gave to men who amassed their wealth for them."  
"Just at that moment," continued Uncle Rufus, "the conductor of the Washington train came in and shouted, 'Tickets!' which woke me up just before we arrived at Elizabeth on our way to Jersey City."—*New York World.*

## Stark Mad on a Plaque.

There is a pretty woman on the West side. We do not mean the west side of the woman, but the west side of the roaring Milwaukee River. The woman is mad on both sides—not on both sides of the river, but on both sides of her. Now you understand. This woman had a plaque. If you don't know what that is you are smart. A plaque is a platter made of wood or china, or something, on which is painted a picture in oil, and the plaque is put on a mantle or an easel and admired. This lady had one of them real bad. That is, the plaque was not bad, but the lady had it, considerable. It was the most beautiful thing she ever saw, and she would stand and gaze on it for hours at a time, and when she went to bed and left it she did so with regret. She would have slept with the plaque if she had not been otherwise engaged. The word seemed to move around that plaque, and the only thing the lady worried about was that she could not take it with her when she went to heaven. The other morning the servant girl said the cook had broken the most platter, and wanted to know what she should take up the meat for breakfast. The lady, thinking of a fancy platter in the elocist that she kept for state occasions, told the girl to take that platter with the pictures on, and then she went on pinning her hair on with hairpins, and finally went down to breakfast. As she was pouring out the coffee she detected an odor of sanctity and fried chroom, and she looked at the meat-plate and turned pale. There was her wooden plaque, full of boiling grease and floating sausage, and through the grease she could see her beautiful oil-painting struggling up under difficulties. There was a commingling of Alpine scenery and links of sausage that the artist

never intended, and the lady took the plaque in her hand and went to the kitchen, where she brained the cook. There was nothing else to do. Ladies who have plaques, and any lady is liable to have them, as they are said to be catching, should watch the cook.—*Milwaukee Sun.*

## Rely on Yourself.

It is related of Stephen Girard that he had a favorite clerk, and he always said he intended to do well by Ben. Lippincott. So when Ben got to be 21 he expected to hear the Governor say something of his future prospects and perhaps land a helping hand in starting him in the world. But the old fox carefully avoided the subject. Ben mustered courage: "I suppose I am now free, sir," said he, "and I thought I would say something to you as to my course. What do you think I had better do?"

"Yes, yes. I know you are," said the old millionaire, "and my advice is to go and learn the cooper's trade."

This application of ice nearly froze Ben out; but recovering his equilibrium he said if Mr. Girard was in earnest he would do so.

"I am in earnest."

And Ben forthwith sought the best cooper in Spring Gardens, became an apprentice, and in due time could make as good a barrel as the best. He announced to old Stephen that he had graduated, and was ready to set up in business. The old man seemed gratified, and immediately ordered three of the best barrels he could turn out. Ben did his prettiest, and wheeled them up to the old man's counting room. Old Girard pronounced them first rate, and demanded the price.

"One dollar each," said Ben, "is as low as I can live by."

"Cheap enough! Make out your bill."

The bill was made out, and old Stephen settled it with a check for \$30,000, which he accompanied with this little moral to the story:

"There, take that and invest it in the best possible manner; and if you are unfortunate and lose it, you will have a good trade to fall back upon, which will afford you a good living."

## American Public Men.

Mr. Archibald Forbes, the great English war correspondent, seems to be much pleased with the affability of the American public men with whom he has been brought in contact since his arrival on this side of the Atlantic. In a lecture delivered at Washington, D. C., about a week ago, he spoke of this feature as follows:

"I like their courtesy and their modesty. Access to a secretary of state in the old country is a matter of negotiation and difficulty. He is fringed around with secretaries and official reserve. He has an official cough before he speaks, as if he was afraid to commit himself too quickly. Here, if you go to a cabinet minister, you meet yesterday or day before yesterday will say to you: 'Would you like to meet Mr. Secretary Evans?' When you are introduced, Mr. Evans' is this is merely an illustration—will enter into conversation for half an hour or an hour if you have time. He has apparently a genuine anxiety to post you regarding affairs in this country. It is the same with military officers. A noted general, Sheridan, for instance, will condescend to talk to a humble person like myself and take the trouble to explain, if I wish to be informed, all about the battle of Five Forks. A British officer of his position, on the contrary, would delegate an aid-de-camp to say a few dry sentences to you. Here there is no officialism anywhere in the atmosphere. It is the finest country in the world for a man in search of information. Curiously enough, the country which comes next to me in this respect, and, indeed, in many other things, is one almost on the other side of the world. I mean Russia. I never had the least trouble in obtaining access to and conversing with any Russian officer, from the Grand Duke Nicholas down."

THERE are 30,000 men in the United States Army. And it is stationed so far apart that a couple of roughs can climb onto a soldier on duty and pound the ambition clean out of him, and if he has lost his telephone the poor fellow can't howl loud enough to be heard by the man on the nearest post. Really, we think affairs on the frontier would be managed better if we only had 5,000,000 soldiers and but 20,000 politicians. But there again, there wouldn't be half enough politicians to go half way round. Seems as though there was bound to be trouble, no matter how you fix it.

## VARIETIES.

## PROCU NEGOTIIS.

I think that if I had a farm,  
I'd be a man of sense;  
And if the day was bright and warm  
I'd sit upon the fence;  
And cuss the folks who pensive pipe  
And think about my pipe;  
And wonder if the corn was ripe  
And counsel 'em how to dig.  
And if the day was wet and cold,  
I'd think I'd better shiver,  
To sit and dawdle over my pipe,  
Montaigne, before I'd shiver;  
And pity boobies who could lie  
And squabble just for pelf;  
And thank my blessed stars that I  
Was comfortable myself.

Tax wife of General Winfield Scott once wrote the following verses in an album:

"Women have many faults;  
Men have only two:  
There's nothing right they say  
And nothing right they do."  
"But if naughty men do nothing right,  
And never say what's true,  
What precious fools we women are  
To love them as we do!"

"THE WHITE HORSE A BIG INVESTMENT."  
"They have their stock exchange and mining board in the magic cities of the far West, and their own peculiar way of doing business. Buyers and stockholders also have their own peculiar ways, and these ways sometimes clash. A New Yorker was seated in an office in Gunnison City one day not long ago, and a grizzly-looking old chap entered and asked if that was the place where they sold shares of the White Horse silver mine. Being assured he was in the office of the company, he observed:

"I've heard the White Horse spoken of as being a likely mine."  
"It certainly is. We took \$10,000 worth of ore out in one day."  
"Pshaw! She must be just old richness! How many men have ye got to work?"  
"Oh, about 300."  
"Have ye, though? Are the sheers going off purty lively?"  
"Shares are selling like hot cakes, and we have only a few left. Everybody says the White Horse is a big investment."  
"What are sheers worth to-day?"

"I will sell you at 95, though I know they will be worth face value to-morrow."  
"No! You don't really mean 95?"  
"I do."

"Well, that's better; there's a hundred shares which you sold my pard yesterday for \$20. I went over to the mine, found nothing but a hole and a dead mule, and I told him I'd come up and get his money back or do some shooting! I'm tamed glad sheers has riz from 30 to 95. That will give my pard his money back and buy me a winter outfit besides. Here's the sheers, and now let me see the color of your money?"  
"But, sir, we—"  
"Pass out the cash!" said the old man as he rested the end of his shooter on the edge of the counter.

The company had left his revolver in his overcoat outside, and he didn't believe the New Yorker would shoot for him. After a look around he began counting out the money with a bland smile, and as he made the exchange he said:

"Certainly, sir—greatest of pleasure, sir. Sorry you didn't hold them one day more and get the full face value!"

A PARROT'S OPINION OF CONSTABLES.—The other night Tom Hand, a constable, desiring to seize \$20 worth of goods on an execution against Mrs. Robert Morton, of St. Louis, could find nothing but her pet pol-parrot, which was perched away up on a window-sill. Tom was about to leave with empty hand, when the parrot sang out: "Hilloo! Hilloo! Hilloo!" Tom looked up and saw the bird. "Here's something," said he to himself, "that's worth \$20, I'll hook on to it." He reached up to grasp Poll, but Poll would not be seized, and pecked at him and sang: "Hands off! Hands off! I'll call the peeliars!" "I'm a constable," said Tom; "I've got the papers here, and you can call who you please!"

"Durn the papers," said Poll. "Pollee! pollee!"

Tom made another grab, and this time he caught Poll by the throat and carried her over to the court. When he got there he put her in a basket. As soon as Poll's throat was free again she opened another trade on Tom. She called him all manner of names, and ended each sentence with: "You can go to Chicago; you're a gentleman."

Poll had begun to give the court, as Mrs. Morton came in and paid the \$20 and for her. She said she would soon pay \$40 than lose her Poll. Then she picked Poll up and kissed her and carried her away, and as she went out of the court Poll cried with a loud voice: "Oh, the loafers; oh, the dirty loafers!" Constable Carroll, his deputy, and all the other officers of the court say that Mrs. Morton's parrot can "cuss" louder and more to the point "than any man they ever saw."

How HE GOT OUT OF IT.—A colored preacher in Florida thus held forth: "My brudering, the Israelites went over de Red Sea on de ice. dey got ober all right and dat's de reason why Moses sung up praise. In de morning, when de sun was up hot, Pharaoh an' de 'gyptians came wid deir great lumberin' chariots ob iron. dey broke through de ice, and dey all went to de bottom ob de sea."  
"Stop, dere!" exclaimed a hearer. "I want to ask a question. I've read 'gography, an' Egypt's a hot country. It's under de tropics. It's near de 'quator, an' dey ain't no ice dar. How could he get ober on de ice, an' dar's no ice dar?"

To which the reverend brudder responded: "I've glad you axed dat question; now I can 'splain. Dat comes ob readin' 'gography 'stead ob de Bible. My brudering, when de chillun ob Israel got ober de Red Sea, dat was a long while ago; befo' dat was any 'gography, befo' dar was any tropics, befo' dar was any 'quator. Dat's de reason dar was ice, my brudering."

"How is your son coming on?" "Oh, I am having a power of trouble with him."  
"What's the matter now?" "Well, you know, I couldn't send him to school, because, thanks to Governor Roberts, there are no free schools and I could not afford to send him to private school."  
"Yes, I know that is so."  
"I sent him away from Galveston, out to the frontier, and as luck would have it, he was convicted of horse-stealing, and got five years in the penitentiary."  
"That was bad."  
"No, it wasn't, for you see at the penitentiary he could learn a trade and become a useful citizen."  
"Well, that's good."  
"No, it isn't, for Governor Roberts has pardoned him out on account of his youth and ignorance."  
—*Galveston News.*

"PUMPKIN PIE," according to Josh Billings' Cook Book, "good old reliable pumpkin pie, one inch and a half deep, baked on a platter sixteen inches in diameter, mingled with sweet cream and sugar, saturated with nutmeg and done to a rich golden brown, the joy of our granddads and the pride of our grandmothers, the schoolboy's luncheon and the parent's dessert, has departed and left no recipe behind. The cunning of the hands that once made them is now still. Carrots, and squash, and sweet potatoes have drove dear old pumpkin pie out of existence; the places that knu it once no more know it no more. When I think of these mel heart grows sad and lonesome."

"Do you call that veal cutlet, waiter?" said a London exquisite, one of the most delicious type even in that favored region of exquisite, the West End. "Why, sir, such a veal cutlet as that is an insult to every self-respecting calf in the British Empire." The waiter hung his head in very shame for a moment, and then replied in the language of humblest apology, "I really didn't mean to insult you, sir."

"CAN you keep a secret?" said Mr. Middle-rih, impressively, looking at his wife. "Indeed, I can," she exclaimed, eagerly, running across the room that she might cling to the lapels of his coat while she listened. "Well," said the brutal man, "you can do a great deal more than I can, then. I never could remember one long enough to tell it."  
—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

## Chaff.

We have often seen a full-blooded American become a little Irish.

Nature luv's him; if she doesn't she never would have made a munky.

Street Row.—First gamin: "I'll fill your mouth with gravel." Second gamin: "You'll throw a big job into it." First gamin: "Oh, I'll get a steam shovel."

"Is that the second bell?" inquired a gentleman of a colored porter. "No, sah, answered the porter: 'dat an de second ringin' ob de first bell. We hab but one bell in dis establishment.'"

Several volumes of the political history of this country are condensed in this paragraph from *Puck*: "Twenty years ago," says a colored philosopher, "niggers was wuf \$1,000 apiece. Now dey's deat at \$1 a dozen."

Beware of little points. A black seed no larger than a pin-point, will grow on onion that may taste the breath enough to break up a betrothal, ruin a Sunday school, and shatter the good intentions of a sewing-circle.

A guest at a fashionable hotel took his seat at the dinner table, but no one appearing to wait upon him, remarked, "Have you any waiters in this hotel?" "Yes," responded a wag on the opposite side of the table, "the boarders are the waiters."

"I have no patience with a man who can't remember a thing no longer than it's being told him," exclaimed Jones, impatiently. "Now I can carry a thing in my mind a month if need be. You're a lucky dog, Jones," remarked Pendergast, quietly. "Is it every body that has so much room in his mind as you have, you know?"

Yesterday afternoon, an old woman, weighing about 300 pounds, slipped in crossing the street-car track, and came down in the mud and water. It sounded like dropping a custard out of a second-story window. The driver of the car held up his mule and called out: "I say, if you will get up and let me drive on you can sit down there again as soon as the car passes."

A Generous Triumph.—"What's wrong between you and Smythe, that you don't speak?" "Haw! fact is, we were both rivals for the hand of the same young lady—a celebrated beauty, you know—and well—I don't want to brag, but I got the best of it. Smythe and I both proposed last week, and she accepted—she accepted—him!"—*Punch.*

We have received a story entitled "A Dark Deed," which is respectfully declined. The first chapter opens with "It is midnight."

It is a right to be offered; it might be at least seven times a week, but the author forgot to add, "and silence brooded over the city." This is a fatal oversight. Silence always broods over a city when it is midnight in the works of fiction—but nowhere else. We can't print a story in which silence broods at midnight.—*Norristown Herald.*

## The Household.

## CHATS WITH MY NEIGHBORS.

No. 2.

The sense of loss that we experienced when "Harl Freeman has sold out and is going to leave us," was the "latest news," was intensified when, shortly after that removal, "Harl Freeman is dead! Died in a moment, without sickness or warning," flashed its glare and left its gloom. For months my mind's kaleidoscope, in vivid colors showed this oft recurring scene.

The wife standing by the bed in which her husband had just lain down for a night's rest, and addressing some widely in query to him. No reply is given. Impossible that he should sleep so soon! A test touch and look, and lo, he is dead! The crushing power of that sudden, helpless agony as it poured its pain through all her blood—for the sacred bonds of true marriage had united "these twain"—and then the swift gathering crowd of her crying, fatherless children, shrinking close to her for protection from the presence of death's dread mystery. Closer and closer they gather about her, till something in her heart, so like to his voice, says: "For these my babes be strong, be wise; live, love and labor."

Her hand grows steady, her eye clear; and we would say softly to ourselves as we turned the picture from sight: "She will prove equal to this great emergency."

But it seemed to be "written" that we should not meet until from the date of her bereavement the months had made years. We had many things to talk of, and when at last I asked, "What success do you meet in the discharge of your double parental duties?" This was her answer: "Better than I had dared even to hope for. One of the very hardest things that I and many widows have had to cope with, has been the bitter opposition by some rich and childless people, to the excellent school system adopted by our district before the death of my husband and some of his co-workers. This summer the usual canvass was made to see how the school meeting could be carried, and it was found that the number of men who would vote to sustain the school at its present rate of excellence would be the minority. Something must be done, and that right quickly. We widows, therefore, and taxpaying women, consulted together; concluded that we would not have our children in the streets half the year, and in a dollar saving, mind and body wasting school the other half, and in harmony with this conclusion, we, on the evening of Sept. 4th, 1880, took seats in the school meeting, and when the votes were called, voted on the straight line of conscience and duty, saved our school, and went home with one anxious care the less."

"Who was your spokeswoman?"

"We had none. 'Twas not called for. We were treated with the utmost respect by all parties in both factions. When the votes were called, we simply gave each her vote, and when no more votes were to be taken, quietly withdrew in a body, and went to our several homes."

"How many were there of you ladies?"

"Twenty," and she gave their names. They were women of sterling worth.

And now, ladies, herein lies the "open sesame" of the vexed "school question," passing in review through these columns. If the wives, sisters, cousins and aunts, who have wise heads, warm hearts, and wills to do their duty, will improve upon the privileges now granted to them, by law, in this direction, we may soon see such changes in our common schools as will cause us to rejoice and be glad. Will they do this? Or will they let this Providential test of their faithfulness to these momentous trusts go unimproved, until—as a useless, encumbrance it is swept aside—a "repeated statue!"

E. L. NYE.

## A TYPICAL FARMER'S WIFE.

The *St. James Gazette*, some little time ago, published a letter from an Englishman traveling in the United States, in which the following description of a western farmer's wife is presented to our trans-Atlantic cousins as the type of the class:

"Mrs. Savin, nee Melissa Hotchkiss, is a tall, sallow, hard-faced woman, with a strong western accent, and very little about her which seems outwardly womanly to a prejudiced European eye. True, she is at heart as motherly and gentle as body as you could wish to see, but long habituation to work and weather, together with a wife devoted to the daily cramming of rich and indigestible food, has made her wrinkled and furrowed and yellow and toothless before her time. Her voice is harsh and unmusical; her vocabulary is full of the rough and uncouth phrases of the

crude western dialect. She is by birth the daughter of a neighboring farmer; she has lived all her life upon one or another farm; she has borne her part in the labors of the dairy and the kitchen-garden; and she has done all the cooking, washing, scrubbing and household cleaning of her husband's home ever since her marriage. Her ideas are wholly limited to the small round of her own or her neighbor's duties. She has never read or thought; she has not had her tastes educated even in the slightest degree; she has no love for flowers or for nature, no turn even for embroidery or fancy work. Her whole range of interests is confined to the making of soda cakes and the crullers, the pickling of sugar-cured hams, and the potting of peach-jam for the winter supply of her household. Feeding, pure and simple, bounds the horizon of her thoughts. A gaunt, bronzed, hard-featured, masculine woman, she is exactly adapted to the life which she has to lead and carries nothing for any other. To be sure, she knows a great literature almost by heart—the Hebrew literature as contained in her Bible; but then even the Bible is in her eyes only a dogmatic manual of Calvinistic theology. Its history, its poetry, its philosophy are all utterly alien to her wholly western and practical view of human existence."

Now, while we don't deny the existence of divers and sundry specimens of the "Mrs. Savin" class, we do not consider it fair that such a picture should be presented to our English friends as embodying the characteristics of our western farmers' wives. As well might we select the sharp-tongued "Mrs. Poyser," of George Eliot's "Adam Bede," as a sample of English tenant farmers' helpmates, or Thackeray's fox-hunting, wine-drinking, altogether disreputable parson, "Bute Crawley," as a fair example of English clergymen. Both are characters drawn from the life; both have living prototypes in almost every parish in England. Yet no reader of either author would ever believe them the actual types or representatives of their respective classes. So "Mrs. Savin," though, alas, she "still lives," is the exception, not the rule, while the average American country housewife is to the full as cultured, as well educated and refined as her neighbors across the sea. The climate of the west is not as favorable to the preservation of youth and beauty as that of Great Britain, yet the young lady who goes to London to make her *debut* is dubbed "the prettiest girl that's out," while her varied and extensive accomplishments excite the admiration of her acquaintances. Because a woman must work, it is not necessary that her household tasks must be to her the sum total of her existence, as this writer would have it. While her hands are busy in the "belittling cares" which inevitably make up a great portion of her daily round of labor, her thoughts are free as the air itself, and may travel to the uttermost parts of the earth while her fingers pare the potatoes or wash the dinner dishes. She has ample leisure to think and reflect, and though it is true she may read fewer books, comparatively speaking, than those who have greater facilities for obtaining them, yet those which she does read will become her own; she will be less of an omnivorous reader, but she will reflect more upon what she does read, and though not so varied in her range of knowledge, will prove more conversant with topics which from opportunity or inclination she has had under consideration. If some fair-minded, impartial critic would write up the wives of western farmers as he would find them in thousands of homes throughout the agricultural districts, the *tout ensemble* would be far more attractive than this sketch furnished by a jaundiced cavalier who queries "Can any good thing come out of—?" Yankeeedom?

## The Spread of Diphtheria.

The unusually large number of fatal cases of diphtheria, now occurring in rural districts as well as in our larger towns, call for special care and intelligence in preventing the generation and spreading of this terrible disease. The following statement of the symptoms of the disease, and the precautions to be taken where it prevails, is being distributed by the Health Department of New York city. Every body should read it and attend to its warnings.

Cleanliness in and around the dwelling, and pure air in living and sleeping rooms, are of the utmost importance where any contagious disease is prevailing, as cleanliness tends both to prevent and mitigate it. Every kind and source of filth around and in the house should be thoroughly removed; cellars and foul areas should be cleaned and disinfected; drains should be put in perfect repair; dirty walls and ceilings should be lime-washed, and every occupied room should be thoroughly ventilated. Apartments which have been occupied by persons sick with diphtheria should be cleansed with disinfectants, ceilings lime-washed, and wood work painted; the carpets, bed clothing, upholstered furniture, etc., exposed many days to fresh air and the sunlight, (all articles which may be boiled or subjected to high degrees of heat should be so treated); such rooms should be exposed to currents of fresh air for at least one week before reoccupation.

When diphtheria is prevailing, no child should be allowed to kiss strange children, nor those suffering from sore throat (the disgusting custom of compelling children to kiss every visitor is a well contrived method of propagating other grave diseases than diphtheria); nor should it sleep with or be confined to rooms occupied by or use articles, as toys, taken in the mouth, handkerchiefs, etc., belonging to children having sore throat, croup, or catarrh. If the weather is cold, the child should be warmly clad with flannels.

When diphtheria is in the house or family, the well children should be scrupulously kept away from the sick, in dry, well-aired rooms, and every possible source of infection through the air, by personal contact with the sick, and by articles used about them or in their rooms, should be rigidly guarded. Every attack of sore throat, cough, and catarrh should be at once attended to; the feeble should have invigorating food and treatment.

The sick should be rigidly isolated in well-aired (the air being entirely changed at least hourly), sunlighted rooms, the outflow of air being, as far as possible, through the external windows by depressing the upper sash elevating the lower

sash, or a chimney heated by a fire in an open fire-place; all discharges from the mouth and nose should be received into vessels containing disinfectants, as solutions of carbolic acid or sulphate of zinc; or upon cloths, which are immediately burned, or if not burned, thoroughly boiled or placed under a disinfecting fluid.—*Scientific American.*

## Preserving Farmers' Wives.

A lady to whom was assigned "Preserving" as the subject of an essay to be read at the meeting of a County Grange in Missouri, instead of giving the proportion of various compotes of fruit and sugar, very sensibly goes to the root of the matter, and advises farmers' wives to preserve themselves. She says:

"We have seen a great many kinds of preserves, but we have the first well-preserved farmer's wife yet to see. There are well-preserved old maids and old bachelors. We have heard of the latter being pickled, but have never seen a specimen, though it strikes us they would make a better pickle




*NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.*

---

---

**ercherons**  
awn," Dec. 15th,



Q. NO. 483.

Oaklawn stud.

**AD IMPORTED**

**CE LAST APRIL,**

orted by ANY OTHER MAN or FIRM

ates and Canada during 1880.  
make the greatest and finest collection  
Nothing like it in MAGNITUDE and  
be world.  
Percheron Race, and among the num-  
shows of France during that time, have  
taken direct from France, since 1875  
Come and see for yourselves. 100 Page  
embellished with 41 Illustrations, free on  
ne, DuPage Co., Ill.  
(Chicago & Northwestern Railroad.)  
in the Percheron-Norman Stud Book.

---

## CLOVER SEPARATOR

**REPARATOR. "MONITOR JUNIOR,"** the  
and Hulling Cylinders run undershot,  
MONITOR," so widely known throughout the  
and is only excelled by the MONITOR JK.

**MANUF'G CO.,**  
South Bend, Indiana.

---

**OR ★ ★ ★ ★**

**TER COLOR**

The largest Butter Buyers recommend its use.  
by all the best Creameries. Awarded the Inter-  
national Merchants for is or write to us what it is, what

**BEST AND THE BEST**

**NEW PROCESS**

**LINSEED MEAL.**

The greatest Flesh Former, Milk and Butter Producer in use. Guaranteed to be strictly Pure Linseed Meal, and to contain much greater percentage of Albumen, Sugar, and Digestible Fiber than any other Linseed Meal.

Endorsed by such well-known breeders as M. H. Schramme, Esq., of Compton, Quebec; Geo. F. Morrell, of Herford Park, Ill.; Jesse McAlister, Esq., of Worcester, Ind.; and John B. Sherman, C. S. Culston, Frank Parmelee, etc., of Chicago.

TENS OF THOUS SOLD TO THE DAIRYMEN OF NEW ENGLAND during the past season, who with

PRODUCER IN USE.  
This meal combines all the good qualities of oil  
meal, and the virtues claimed for cooked feed. One  
pound will convince any feeder of its merits. Prices  
very low. Send for circular and prices to

**CHICAGO LINSEED OIL CO.,**  
Office No. 1 Wabash Av., Chicago, Ill.  
Sole Manufacturers for Chicago and vicinity.  
e14-17t



# HILL'S STEAM COILED GENERATOR

Heats more rooms with less fuel and less expense than any steam heater in use. No heat lost from radiation. Cooks feed for stock, heats water in large quantities for all bath houses, laundries, etc.

Warranted to generate steam from one to four hundred feet for the purposes named.

## Simple, Safe and Durable.

Agents Wanted. Territory for sale. Address all communications to

**JAS. M. HILL, Patentee**  
Box 311 Ann Arbor, Mich.

**SEND FOR CIRCULAR.** angst-4m

---

# OVER 2, 1,000,000 AND ACRES

## OF THE CHOICEST HOMES

Mild Climate. Productive Soil. Low Prices.  
Easy Terms. Special inducements to actual  
settlers. For Maps, Circulars, etc, giving partic-  
ulars free, address

**J. M. ESSEX,  
and Commissioner.**

**W. A. KENDALL,  
Asst. Land Commissioner,  
at Market St. N. W.**

# IE FARMING WORLD.

PAGE: 64-column, Elegantly Illustrated. Office: The Great Studebaker Wagon Works, E. C. Studebaker, President, 14000 Franklin Road, South Bend, Ind. Editors: J. C. Studebaker, President, 14000 Franklin Road, South Bend, Ind. Contents: The leading Fruit-growers of the United States and Europe, and the latest news of the fruit-growing industry. A journal of to-day. Unrivalled in popularity. Price: 50 cents a year. A Bonus to club-members. By Dollar of this Year's Income given to you. Premiums: Any amount of \$1.00 to \$10.00 to a Silver Thimble; cash, 60 per cent. of the amount. Monthly. 1000 copies. 25 cents. Free for 1981 to every miniature Widow, and every man who has married a widow. Upon receipt of 100 copies. 25 cents and terms free for a 3-cent stamp. Address THE FARMING WORLD, South Bend, Indiana.

## to Those Building.

F. EARL, agent for the sale of the best brands French and American Window and Glass. Also by the job. Orders by mail and glass. I will also furnish the best finished and glazed, and at lowest price in the city state. Orders by mail strictly attended to.

42 JEFFERSON AVE., DETROIT.

### BEAUTIFUL CHROMO CARDS, with

Gold, U. S. CARD CO., Northford, Conn. 10c

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some faint smudges and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. The left edge of the page is bound into a dark, possibly black, inner cover material. There is no text or other markings on the page.

1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 26